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This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

REVIEWS

Fables Original and Selected. By the late James Northcote, R.A. Second Series. London: Murray.

This is a very beautiful volume. It contains a hundred fables in prose and verse, and a corresponding number of designs; all by the pen and pencil of Northcote: to these attractions, Harvey, whose skill needs no commendation, has added one hundred and eighty sketches, cut in a masterly manner by Thompson and others, and wrought off by Whittingham of Chiswick, a printer unequalled for care and success in managing impressions from wood. Nor has the editor, Mr. E. S. Rogers, failed in his duty; 3,000*l.* were, it seems, bequeathed him, to ensure the work the necessary honours of the graver and the press, and the result is a volume far superior in beauty of engraving to the first series, and rendered still more welcome to the reader, by a Life of the painter, written without affectation, and with no desire to relate anything but the truth. A more ample memoir of Northcote will, however, appear in a few days, in Allan Cunningham's sixth volume of the 'Lives of the British Painters'; in the meantime, we shall single out a few letters and passages, such as throw light upon the character of one who has been numbered among the remarkable men of his time. It is not in a memoir written by the hand which received a handsome legacy, that we need look for a graphic account of the dusty studio of the artist, and a picture of its penurious inhabitant; something, we know, of this sort is forthcoming, with the information which we miss here, concerning the Conversations between Northcote and Hazlitt, regarding the Muddes and the manner in which the painter's literary works were manufactured. Mr. Rogers is a gentle biographer; but the painter, though he allowed another hand to write the Life of Titian for him, would trust no hand save his own in what related to himself: he penned accordingly an elaborate account of his life and studies, and placed it in the hands of a friend with 100*l.* of legacy, hoping, no doubt, that it would, as soon as he died, be given to the expecting world; it is still in manuscript.

What Northcote has said of himself, we do not know, but we feel that the country will be satisfied with a very brief account: neither his pictures nor his writings entitle him to high respect; yet many consider it no little merit, that he grubbed and gathered together the sum of 38,000*l.* His father was a watchmaker in Plymouth, where he was born, 22nd of October 1746; a visit to Reynolds awakened a love of painting in his mind, and a note from the elder Mudge introduced him to the President, and aided in placing him in his studio. Of this happy event he gives a clear account.

"Ever since I have been at Sir Joshua Reynolds's he has behaved with the utmost kindness, but he has now given me a proof of his

friendship which I could not possibly have conceived; I hope it will meet with your approbation, as I should be very backward to take any steps without your consent; but last Tuesday evening, as I was looking at the pictures in the Gallery, Sir Joshua came in and asked me if I was examining the paintings, and where I lodged, and what I gave for my lodging; he then said that, if it was agreeable to me, I should come and live at his house for five or six years; and then, says he, first I shall be of assistance to you, and then you to me, and so we shall assist each other, for there was no doubt, he thought, that I should make a good painter, from my great attention to it. The pleasure this gave me was more than ever I felt before in my whole life, or than I can express. I told him that it would be the most excessive pleasure to me, but asked him if I was not too old: he said, No, for the only objection to persons of my age was, that they were commonly too fond of dissipation, which put an end to all study, but, with application, it was the best time of life, because they were the more capable of making observations and a quicker progress than a boy of fourteen. I hope my absence from you is attended with no inconvenience, as my brother is with you to give you his assistance; and I make no doubt but whatever concerns my welfare or happiness will give you pleasure. I now think my fortune preferable to Brunton's, for Cipriani, though he draws correctly, is a bad colourist; but Sir Joshua is not only excellent in drawing, but the best colourist that lives. I am to thank Mr. Mudge for this, as it was entirely by his means I was introduced to Sir Joshua. I cannot wish him more happiness than he has been the cause of giving me. Give my duty to my mother, and love to Sam and Polly, and compliments to Mrs. Garden, and other of my friends.

"And I remain your dutiful Son,
"JAMES NORTHCOTE."

There is much of himself, but there is besides much of Reynolds, and something of Goldsmith also, in the following correspondence:—

"I should have painted Elford† before this time but was not able to do so, as I was employed for Sir Joshua on the most considerable job I have yet done; it is painting the drapery to the whole length picture of the Duke of Cumberland; he is dressed in his Installation Robes, Knight of the Garter, which I paint from the Duke's own Robes put on upon the Layman: the dress is very grand, as you may suppose from some pictures which you have seen, I believe, of the Kings in the Town Hall; the Collar of S. S. is gold, with a St. George killing the Dragon in Enamel. * * * Sir Joshua is now painting Mr. and Mrs. Garrick in one picture, which is about the bigness of that in the fore room of Grandfather and Grandmother. The other day Garrick came into the dining-room when I was painting and spoke to me. Sir Joshua talks of painting a very large picture of him in a great many different characters; he is to be in his proper character in the middle speaking a Prologue, and about fourteen or fifteen of the most remarkable characters which he has acted to be standing round harkening to him; and he will sit for all these. I heard him

† Now Sir William Elford, Bart.

say he had acted in all a hundred and twenty different characters, and out of them the most remarkable are to be chosen. It is to be painted in Sir Joshua's great room at Richmond next summer; you need not mention it, as it may never happen.

"The other day James Young, and his uncle at Islington, with the old Capt. Shirley who used to be at Mrs. Garden's, came to see the pictures: I did not know him at first. He desired his compliments to all our family, and told me a duelling story which made me laugh of my Grandfather, who was less than me, for he had had a whole suit of Cloathes made out of an old pair of breeches. * * *

"London, 12th Feb. 1773.

"* * * Sir Joshua and some other of the Royal Academy are endeavouring to get the consent of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Mayor, with the great Officers of State, for a grant to adorn St. Paul's with Monuments of famous Men like Westminster Abbey, and also to put up History pictures as there are in the Church at Rome, as it will be greatly for the encouragement of the Arts; and the first Monument will be either for Sir Christopher Wren or Mr. Pope; and all the Academy who are capable of doing something good enough are to give a piece of their work to be put up, and, to prevent any poor things, it must first be voted by the Academy as worthy of a place. * * * I went on Wednesday Evening to see Garrick act Hamlet, but I could not get any better place than the two Shilling Gallery, but from that I saw enough to be delighted beyond bounds; but to praise him is so threadbare, that it is ridiculous; yet, I must say, the excess of grace in all his actions quite amazed me; and he looked so young, and was so nimble when compared to his appearance when he comes here in his great Coat, for he begins to grow quite an old Man now. Some of the other parts were done vastly well.

"London, 24th Feb. 1773.

"* * * You will think me quite extravagant when I tell you that I was at the play again; but I hope you will think it a sufficient excuse when I say that it was to see Mr. Garrick act King Lear, and I underwent pretty severe squeezing, but got well into the Pit at last, though I think it would have been worth while to have run a risk of ones life to have seen him, it so infinitely exceeded my expectations. I went without my dinner, as I was at the door a little after three o'clock. You know it is impossible to describe it, I can only give you some idea by the effects. The people were not content by clapping, but holloed out with mighty shouts when he was going off; for I believe even the most ignorant people are sensible of his excellence; and it had such an effect on me that my hair seemed to stand on end upon my head. Sir Joshua says it is by much the most capital part he can act, and that he thinks he does it without faults; but in every other he has a good many. * * *

"London, March 24, 1773.

"I begin this letter Sunday Evening. I am just returned from the Magdalen, where I went to hear the service with Mudge and Graves. The Women singing with the Organ is vastly pleasing, and Dr. Dodd preached a Sermon: I was never there before.—Last Monday I went to see Goldsmith's new play, and, quite the reverse to every body's expectations, it was re-

ceived with the utmost applause; and Garrick has writ a very excellent prologue to it, in ridicule of the late Sentimental Comedies. Goldsmith was so kind to offer me half a Dozen Tickets for the Play on his night, and I intend to accept two or three: he is going to dedicate his play to old Johnson. * * * On Tuesday Ranelagh opens, and on the 24th of April the Exhibition opens. The other night I was at the play for Mrs. Hartley's benefit; Miss Reynolds gave me a Box ticket. Mrs. Hartley acted the part of Lady Macbeth, and very well I think. She is one of the most beautiful women I ever saw, and the finest figure; but has not a good voice. Smith acted Macbeth, but not well; but when one has an idea of Garrick, no other appears well: my saying this may seem like affectation, but the difference between him and the very best players I ever saw is so great that I cannot help making the comparison."

Northcote was of a quick and rather capricious temper; he embroiled himself in some fierce disputes: one which he had with Wolcot, called forth a very contemptuous letter.

"MR. NORTHCOTE.—As I have received no answer to my letter, I presume that you plead guilty, since the last fresh accounts of your freedom of discourse have reached my ears. I have therefore to request, nay, I will venture to insist upon it, that wherever you have declared that I have sent into the country letters or newspapers, or pieces of newspapers, containing strictures on your paintings (though, indeed, were it a fact, it would contain no great criminality), you will unsay what you have stated, or, in plain English, *eat your words*. Who your secret good friend is, I neither know or care about. You will be candid enough to allow that it is high time that little whipper-snapper gentleman your tongue should be stopped in his career: he may possibly bring a disgrace on his neighbour nose by his licentiousness.

"J. WOLCOT."

He delighted in great undertakings: history, and scripture, and poetry, and descriptive subjects of all kinds; and he dipt his brush without hesitation in colours, for all descriptions of commissions; we find under the date, September 30, 1791, this curious memorandum:—

"I have just sketched on the canvass the design of a picture of Daniel in the Lion's Den, but do not know when or how I may be able to finish it: the subject is very difficult, indeed none is more so, as I do not know the Painter who would undertake it; but I have long had it on my mind, and have, as the prayer says, a sure and certain hope that I can do it well; which if I do it will much rise my credit: nothing is like boldness; if one is but determined, one may do almost anything. This is a subject none but Rubens has ever been able to do, but which I fear nobody will be able to surpass or equal."

He lived to a great age; wrote the *Life of Reynolds*; aided Hazlitt in the *Life and Times of Titian*; penned two hundred and odd Fables, and furnished matter for those celebrated Conversations which embittered his declining years. We have not much to object to, in the estimate given by Mr. Rogers of his talents.

"Mr. Northcote painted upwards of two thousand pictures, and the prints from his numerous works, which may be seen all over the country, fully prove how industrious he was. While in the vigour of his professional powers, his colouring was chaste, forcible, and distinct; his pictures having that breadth of light and shade, which is one of the estimable properties of a good painting; but, like Sir Joshua Reynolds, he seldom drew with correctness or vigour,

and the want of an early academic education, where the study of the human figure might have given a facility to his hand in obeying his eye, was always felt by him, or rather was always felt by correct judges of his works. He drew with tolerable fidelity the object before him, but rarely elevated his subject above its individuality, by his knowledge of the means of art; yet his conceptions of the scenes and subjects chosen by him, especially for the Shakspeare Gallery, were often most admirable and poetical; and his burial of 'The Children in the Tower' is a confirmation of this judgment.

"Among historical painters the name of Northcote will always stand high as a skilful practitioner and excellent theorist, and as one of that distinguished race of English painters which was created by the sudden impulse given to the genius of the country upon the institution of the Academy.

"Sir Joshua Reynolds is called the father of painting in England, but it must be as the first highly distinguished English painter, for it is singular that among his numerous pupils, many of whom resided for years beneath his roof, scarcely any one except Northcote is now heard of; but Northcote had prescience enough to see that nothing but unwearied industry would ever make him a good artist. He, therefore, studied minutely the various excellences of the different schools, became an enthusiast in the Art, sought for truth and taste at the fountain-head, and thus obtained the summit of his ambition; namely, to become 'a great painter.' To the persevering young artist he may be held up as a fine example to imitate, and to show what may be accomplished by study and industry."

Concerning the literary merit of these Fables, we have little to say; those in rhyme, are cold and spiritless; those in prose, are seldom original, and the language wants ease and familiarity. The morals are all fairly deduced. The chief merit of the work lies in the illustrations, and many of these are almost unequalled. The ornamental letters are highly ingenious, and show a fancy fertile in expedients. We have seldom seen a prettier book; had it come out in the season of the *Annals*, we are not sure but it would have hurt the sale of some of the fairest.

LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.—VOL. IV.

The Stolen Child; a Tale of the Town, founded on a certain interesting fact. By John Galt, Esq. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Sir Walter Scott was the first to discover that the intricate mazes of the law could furnish an ample supply of materials to the writer of romance; he has been followed, but at a great distance, by Galt and Bulwer. When we say this, we do not forget the trial of the gipsy in Sir Andrew Wylie, one of the most powerful scenes in the range of modern fiction; but Mr. Galt there introduced his case of circumstantial evidence as an episode, here he has made it the subject of a volume. The substance of the tale is sufficiently explained by the title: a boy is stolen from his parents, educated by strangers, and in after life learns the secret of his birth. It is manifest that the merit of such a story must depend on the skill with which the evidence of identity is gradually developed. We cannot congratulate Mr. Galt on his success: several links in the chain of evidence are wanting; others are supplied by means needlessly improbable; and, in the hurried conclusion, doubt and uncertainty are allowed to hang over the entire proof.

This has chiefly arisen from an injudicious attempt to make the interest more complicated by the introduction of a second claimant; the author should have acted towards him as Shakspeare is said to have done towards Mercutio—murdered him at once, as a performer whose character was too difficult to be sustained.

Though by no means satisfied with the management of the story, there are some parts of the volume with which we were greatly pleased. Villiers' autobiography is equal to Mr. Galt's best days, but it is unfortunately too long for quotation. We extract the scene in which the 'Stolen Child,' now grown to manhood, witnesses the death of the woman by whom he had been kidnapped.

"The gloom of the apartment prevented them from being very distinctly seen, but the sick woman, raising herself on her bed, enquired of Mr. Villiers, who went straight towards her, who it was he had brought with him. Perhaps most people in this situation, would have equivocated in the answer, but he replied at once, with his characteristic frankness, that it was Mr. Troven, whom she had been so anxious to see. She then added,

"'You have done well to bring him, for I fear that I have not long to live; a change has been working with me for some time, and cannot long be withstood. I loath myself, but I must suppress the feeling.'

"Something in the tone with which she said this, was exceedingly affecting, and Villiers, without very exactly estimating his own words, replied, that he was sorry to see her so ill, but hoped that her indisposition was only temporary.

"She said:

"'You speak the parlance of the world; you have no hope in the matter; how should you? What is there in the world to me that I should have any desire to live?'

"Villiers said nothing, but sat down on a chair at her pillow, and our hero drew another to the foot of the bed, and sat down also. The little bustle which this movement occasioned interrupted her, but when the gentlemen were seated, she resumed:

"'You have not come to a penitent,' said she, 'for what is the use of that? Can any repentance restore me to what I was? No, I am a wretch! and such I will die. * * *

"'I was first sickened at the moral leprosy with which I am encrusted, by seeing that my son would, but for my lessons, have been a good man. His natural virtue put my depravity to shame; had he been a bold, free-hearted, reprobate, his mother would have been pleased; but I saw in him, living still, the seeds of good, and for that I began to hate him.'

"'This is wild discourse,' said Villiers, 'what have you to tell me?'

"'Nothing, nothing, of what I was, but this: I would have quenched all good, because nought of it could again be mine. That poltroon! but I will not speak of him to you. Oh, Sir! I have a mother's heart, but it is in the devil's grasp.'

"In uttering these words she bent her face upon his hand, and gave way to a feminine and maternal flood of tears, after which she exclaimed:

"'I will no longer with my fate contend: there is a spring in this cold, rocky breast—a living water bursting forth: from the hour my son upbraided me as the parent of his guilt, I have struggled to resist the truth, and tried to pluck his image from my heart, but disease has softened my nature and made it human. I would not now be damned.'

"Mr. Villiers seemed more affected by her expression than could have been expected from

his equanimity, and endeavoured to soothe her; but it was not until he had long solicited her to composure, that she seemed to feel any disposition to revert again to the fate of Troven, although it was on that business she had required his presence. Whether actual indisposition, or that sudden perturbation of feeling, which sometimes breaks upon the most hardened when they are least prepared, had fastened upon this unhappy woman, cannot be determined; but it was quite dark before she was in a condition to speak of Troven's fate, and her disease had increased so much, that she was often incapable of renewing the disclosure. In this predicament both the gentlemen became alarmed, lest in her weakness and agitation she would become unable to repeat her confession; and Villiers, in haste, requested Troven to go for other witnesses, while he took it down in writing. It was fortunate that he acted thus; for before other witnesses could be obtained, she was very ill: however, when they came she understood their purpose, and endeavoured to repeat the story she had in the first burst of her contrition told to Troven himself. Her mind, however, wandered; the rack and delirium of incoherent thought took such possession of it, that no consistent narrative could be framed from her raving; and her disease seemed to augment with her mental convulsions, for her distress deserves no lighter epithet."

Mr. Galt has been more successful in his subordinate characters than that of his hero; Dr. Wycombe, Mr. Pearl, and Mrs. Servit, are worthy to be recorded in the Annals of the Parish.

CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.—VOL. XLV.

History of the Christian Church. By the Rev. H. Stebbing, M.A. Vol. I. London: Longman & Co.

A History of the Christian Church in the limited space of two moderate volumes, is a work requiring no ordinary exercise of skill and judgment; to those acquainted with the ponderous and countless tomes that have been written on the subject, it sounds like an attempt to compress the Thames into a wine-glass, or enclose Snowden in a nutshell. Yet scarcely could a literary project be named more generally useful, than the preparation of such an abridgment of the Christian History, as would furnish ordinary readers with an outline of the progress of the faith, and, at the same time, direct theological students in their more extensive researches. Of such a work the volume before us contains rich promise, and, as far as it goes, full performance; it is lucid in arrangement, elegant in style, accurate in matter, and, what we hold to be almost equally important, copious in reference. Obligated by his narrow limits to choose between facts and opinions, Mr. Stebbing has preferred the former, and consequently relates more copiously the persecutions to which the church was subjected, than the heresies by which it was distracted. We approve of his choice: the early controversies in the Christian church, were mere verbal disputes about the propriety and application of phrases, whose meaning not one of the disputants could comprehend. It is a fact by no means calculated to elevate our opinion of human nature, that the theological dispute, which distracted Europe for centuries, caused countless wars and measureless bloodshed, kept equally at work the pen of the polemic and the axe of the executioner, was about the insertion of that proverbially

unimportant letter, *iota*!—whether *Homo-ousion* or *Homoi-ousion* should be inserted in the Creed!

The selections which Mr. Stebbing has made from the Martyrologies are, in general, very judicious, but we cannot always join in the reflections he has added to the narrative. We quote the following very interesting anecdote, principally because we think it our duty to make some observations, applicable to it and others of the same class in this volume:—

"Another instance in proof of the unlimited devotion of the Christians, during this awful period, may be cited from the history of one of the deacons of the church of Cesarea. That martyr, after having endured a long examination and various tortures before the prefect Asclepiades, declared that there were children even who would profess the same truths for which he was suffering, and sustain any agony rather than deny them. Asclepiades defied the deacon to produce a child of such character; upon which the Christian led forth a little boy named Barulas, and having asked him whether one God or many gods were to be worshipped, the child answered, that there was but one God, and that Jesus Christ was that God. The prefect, it is said, enraged at receiving this reply, asked him, in an angry tone, who had taught him to say so. 'I learnt it from my mother,' was the answer; and the judge, unmoved either by the innocence or resolution of the child, immediately ordered the mother to be brought before the tribunal, and in her presence put him to the most excruciating tortures. But the same conquest of faith over nature, which had been exhibited in former instances of a similar kind, was again witnessed. While the spectators of the tragic scene either wept or trembled with horror, the mother beheld the sufferings of her child without exhibiting any sign of sorrow; but when, fainting beneath the agony he endured without a murmur, he asked for a little water, she looked at him with a stern countenance, and told him that he ought not to desire any other than the living waters of salvation, and that crown which Christ had promised to martyrs, and had bestowed upon the children of Bethlehem.

"Barulas was victorious over his sufferings; and, persevering in his declarations of living and dying a Christian, was condemned to lose his head. It was not likely that the mother who could look upon the lingering agony of her child under torture would fail in firmness at hearing him sentenced to a speedy and easy death. Taking him, therefore, in her arms, disabled as he was from walking, she herself carried him to the place of execution, and, on arriving there, resigned him to the hands of the executioner with as much serenity as she had ever laid him on his pillow at night. But though thus firm beyond human conception, she had not lost any of her mother's fondness; for she kissed him tenderly as she bade him adieu, only adding, 'Remember me when you are with Jesus Christ, and be my protector there, though here only my child.'

We disapprove wholly of the deacon's conduct; he had no right to expose the poor child to imminent danger, especially as the boy's profession of faith proved nothing, except that he had been religiously instructed. Neither can we approve the mother's unshaken firmness; it displays more of the Stoic than of the Christian. The religion of the Gospel does not teach us to eradicate all tender feelings and destroy every domestic affection; its holy author wept over the tomb of Lazarus at the very moment he was about to raise him from the dead.

Mr. Stebbing reposes infinitely too much

confidence in the veracity of Eusebius; he was a credulous writer, and, though we cannot exactly call him dishonest, we must say, that in many instances his statements were coloured by his wishes. In no part of his History is this more manifest than in the Life of Constantine, a ruthless tyrant, whom he chooses to represent as a pious hero. His character and his situation were strikingly similar to those of our own Henry VIII.: both, we believe, were, by an overruling Providence, made the instruments of effecting much good; but they introduced beneficial revolutions from no pure motive; the Emperor was actuated by policy, and the monarch by passion. How any person in modern times could for a moment doubt that Constantine's vision was a mere fable, surprises us; Mr. Stebbing mentions one fact which completely decides the question; so little was the Emperor's mind impressed by the truths of Christianity that he did not submit to the rite of baptism until a little before his death.

The history of what is called the Pelagian Heresy, is that part of Mr. Stebbing's work which pleases us the least; he has not done justice to the Celtic Christians of ancient Britain, Wales, and Ireland, but seems to have taken their character from the works of their inveterate enemies, the writers of the church of Rome. He might as well consult the same school for the true history of the Reformation. Even the venerable Bede forfeits his claim to veneration when he speaks of the persecuted church of ancient Britain; for he could not conquer his early prejudices; as a Saxon, he viewed the Britons with the same contempt that the Normans subsequently showed to the Saxons. Let one example suffice of the crimes by which the followers of Pelagius earned the hostility of pontiffs and episcopal councils. Columban, or, more properly, Columb, had commenced his career as a Christian preacher by crossing the lakes of North Britain, in a boat covered with skins, to visit, in the name of Christ, the savage race of the north-west mountaineers. He founded no bishoprics, nor ever styled himself bishop; he only established, on a rock of the Hebrides, a school and a convent of men, poor and laborious, like himself. After converting, by his own exertions alone, many of the Scots and Picts, he repaired with his companions to Gaul, to preach to the wood-cutters and goat-herds of the Vosges.†

No wonder that, to lordly pontiffs, such Christianity appeared even worse than Paganism, and that an ecclesiastical poet of the day, fearing the conversion of the heathen Saxons, wrote to Felix, Bishop of Nantes, "Watch the Saxons with care, the Britons are laying snares for them." Thanks to the vigilance of Felix and his associates, the Saxons were saved from those rebels against sacerdotal power, and preserved as blood-hounds to be let loose against them.

We have thus fairly stated our opinions on the points in which we differ from Mr. Stebbing; our anxiety to do so is the best proof of the importance we attribute to this excellent volume.

† Threny's Norman Conquest, Vol. I.
Rer. Gall. Scrip. Vol. II.

Introductory Lecture on Political Economy, delivered at King's College on the 27th of February. By the Rev. R. Jones. London: Murray.

As Mr. Jones has now published the very able lecture, of which we gave a report in a former number, we purpose perfecting that report by one or two extracts. The following is a historical sketch of what Mr. Jones calls the *balance of bargain system*.

"Before I attempt to give a rapid sketch of the objects revealed by the whole subject, it may be convenient to point out how it has happened, that the doctrines connected with trade, and more especially with foreign trade, occupied for many ages a disproportionate share of the attention of those who professed to be treating of Public Wealth. This order of inquiry would be a bad one, were it my purpose to begin now a scientific development of the whole subject: but it will be found, perhaps, to answer very well the purpose of leading us gradually into sight of the objects, which should really be uppermost in the minds of those who approach political economy as an essential branch of a liberal and comprehensive education.

"The errors and wanderings of our forefathers which I am about to exhibit, are indeed mainly remarkable, for having so long kept almost wholly out of sight the proper objects of our peculiar study; that is, you will remember, the laws which regulate the production and distribution of wealth. Bullion, we know, was long thought, by all the European nations, to be the only species of wealth which really deserved the name. Countries which could not produce gold and silver profitably from their mines, could only procure them by foreign trade: to manage foreign trade, so as to keep gold and silver constantly flowing in, and then to keep them fast, were therefore supposed to be the only arts by which nations could be enriched; and thus men's minds, whenever they talked or thought about an increase of the nation's wealth, were turned, not to production, but to trade.

"To draw then to this 'noble realm' at least its fair share of the world's stock of gold and silver, two systems prevailed, at different periods of our story; but although these systems had this common object, they differed much in their means, their working and effects, and ought never to be confounded; although they are confounded very generally, under the name of the mercantile system, which only made its appearance late, and did not last for a century. The older system prevailed, probably from the conquest, certainly from the reign of Edward I. to that of Henry VII.; and it is the more interesting, because while it domineered over, and indeed well nigh strangled, the infant commerce of England, it was after all, I suspect, but a transcript of the laws and regulations of several of the continental nations. Its various parts may be accurately traced in our statute-book and ancient documents; but as a systematic whole it has, I think, escaped the notice of our historians, which is to be lamented, for it offers much instruction, some of which would not be at all out of place at the present day. Our remote forefathers, Gentlemen, were not great abstract reasoners, nor very patient investigators of phenomena; but they had very decided notions about political economy, for all that. A study of their system would, perhaps, be the best remedy for the errors of those who have been misled into believing, that the absence of systematic thinkers, and talkers, and books, upon such topics, is a sort of safeguard against the spirit of system, and the best guarantee against the rule of theory. Our earlier ancestors, then, had this in common with the supporters of the system of 'the balance of trade,' which afterwards became dominant under Charles II.:

they believed that to supply the nation with gold and silver was the main duty of those charged with the interests of the commonwealth; and they assumed that this was to be done through their management of foreign commerce: but they were by no means satisfied with indirectly influencing the general trade, and the domestic consumption of the country, so as on the whole to produce a favourable ultimate balance; which was what the authors and supporters of the mercantile system aimed at. The politicians of the older day went vigorously to work in a much more direct and straight forward manner. They laid it down as their principle, that every individual bargain in foreign trade ought, if possible, to be made to help their purpose, of attracting some portion of bullion or foreign coin; and when this could not be contrived, then they assumed it to be their office to see, that every such bargain was so effectually watched and controlled, as to ensure its not leading, directly or indirectly, to the exportation of money. Their system, may be called, therefore, if we wish to give it a name, the *balance of bargain system*. To carry its principles into effect its supporters devised a comprehensive body of strong measures, by which they confined our commerce to particular spots, fettered navigation, and contrived to be present at every bargain made by our merchants abroad: they, and they alone, negotiated, and on their own terms, every bill of exchange; and when merchant strangers landed here in England, they immediately put them under watch and ward, and superintended and controlled both their persons, and every single transaction in their dealings. And they did all this, and much more than this, by the aid of a code of penal enactments, ferocious, bloody and unsparing; which they considered it a point of public virtue not to relax, and to which the interests, property and lives of both natives and aliens were daily sacrificed; with the full approbation of the legislature, and forward assent of the nation.

"About the time of Henry VII. however, parts of the system became unmanageable; and during the reign of his son, (although still in legal existence,) it had become clogged, helpless, and utterly unable to work, because changes had taken place in our domestic position, and in the commercial habits of England and of Europe, to which the ancient regulations could not, by any zeal, or any efforts, be adapted."

We had desired and intended to have introduced here the tribute of respect, paid by the lecturer to Mr. Malthus; but, upon consideration, we think it better to give the conclusion, in which Mr. Jones states what are his aims and hopes in the proposed lectures.

"Gentlemen, we shall never forget in this place, I hope, the eloquent words of that father of our church who first invoked a blessing upon our undertaking; he told us, that it was 'the design of those who founded this college to erect the shrines of science and of literature within the precincts of the sanctuary;' and, I trust we, humble instruments for effecting such high purposes, shall ever be the more strenuous and the more fearless in our efforts, from feeling that such light as man laboriously earns by the exercise of the faculties which God has given him, directed towards such knowledge as he has been made capable of attaining, is indeed light from heaven: and that every ray which illumines the inquiring mind, in its progress towards truth, carries with it evidence of the presence and power of the Deity.

"While we are animated by such feelings and such aims, it would be a most idle fear which should suppose, that the train of research I have been sketching, must needs connect itself with the party wrangles and animosities of the day. Assuredly, Gentlemen, we shall teach no

politics here. It would be a want of discretion, indeed of honesty, to beguile young minds, yet immature in knowledge and in strength, into hastily forming opinions now, which it will be a solemn part of their duties in future life to endeavour to form justly and rightly. The last thing we should wish to see them do, is to assume in their young days the livery of any political sect. But there are public duties common to men of all parties, which it is our province to train our pupils to approach, in a fit state of preparation. We must not, I trust we cannot forget, that among the foremost of the earthly blessings we enjoy, is that of being members of a community of freemen. It is a privilege that brings with it duties as well as advantages. No Englishman, and emphatically no Englishman of the educated classes, can fulfil the obligations of his station, without having frequently to propose, to deliberate upon, or to judge of, measures intimately connected with our subject, and not less intimately with the happiness and welfare of his countrymen.

"Now it is to enable him to perform these high duties with knowledge and forethought, carefully, honestly, and manfully, that we have undertaken here to investigate and teach, all those branches of human knowledge which may help to throw light upon his path, and so contribute towards that, which one of the greatest of our great men has described, as 'a complete and generous education;' the education which fits a man to perform 'justly, skilfully, and magnanimously,' all the offices, both public and private, which his country can demand from him.

"Gentlemen, I have attempted to point out to you some of the objects, the methods, and uses of political economy; to show that it yields knowledge which throws a distinct light of its own upon the past history of nations, upon their actual condition, their relative strength, resources, and capacities for political institutions; upon many subjects indeed, on which neither the scholar, the philosopher, or the statesman, can remain even in partial ignorance with impunity. Such a sketch is necessarily imperfect; but the hour warns me, that my task for the present has ended."

Taxation, Revenue, Expenditure, Power, Statistics, and Debt, of the whole British Empire; their origin, progress and present state. With an estimate of the Capital and Resources of the Empire, and a practical Plan for applying them to the Liquidation of the National Debt. The whole founded on and illustrated by official tables and authentic documents. By Pablo Pebrer. London: Baldwin & Cradock.

We cannot do more, for the present at least, than announce the publication of this work, the nature of which may be inferred from the title-page, which we have given in full. The author assumes what we think will be very generally admitted to be true, that the intolerable pressure of the national debt is the great cause of our national difficulties. He then traces the origin, progress and present state of that debt; the origin, progress and present state of our revenue and expenditure: he then gives a most comprehensive estimate of the capital and resources of the British empire, in all parts of the world, which he illustrates with an abundance of statistical tables; and concludes with a plan for the liquidation and discharge of 500,000,000*l.* of this debt. It is not necessary for us to give even a summary of the plan, although it might be done in a very few sentences, because its practicability must de-

pend on the previous argument and facts adduced; but we announce the publication at once, as it comes opportunely enough, to occupy the attention of our legislators during the holiday recess of parliament.

The Port Admiral; a Tale of the War. By the Author of 'Cavendish.' 3 vols. London: Cochrane & McCrone.

Of the talent displayed in 'Cavendish,' we thought favourably: but the work seemed hastily written, and the thread which connected the narrative was sometimes nearly invisible, and always too slender. The writer made his appearance lately as a satirist; we are not fond of such persons, even when they use their powers with discretion: but the 'Lauread' was an indiscreet work; it treated many great spirits with unbecoming scorn and indignity, and seemed to reckon it a fine thing and a wise one, to dispute the settled opinions of the world in matters of taste and genius. The 'Port Admiral' has made us forget the 'Lauread,' and remember the better parts of 'Cavendish': it is full of character of a humorous as well as a serious sort: Nine-fathom Tim is an original; he resembles Long Tom Coffin only in length of body, in all things else he is alone: his rough, ready wit; his social humour; his maritime prejudices; his out-of-the-way likings, and his active courage, and ready kindness of heart, have made him a great favourite with us: nor is the Port Admiral himself much less to our liking: he is an officer of the old school—has a Nelson-like animosity to France; a sailor-like admiration of all that smacks of the sea; and such a dislike to inactivity, that he actually engages in smuggling, for the sake of the bustle and danger by which it is accompanied. His twin daughters too—particularly Charlotte—are fine specimens of innocent liveliness and natural and upright affection: but one is as much too grave as the other is too gay: and we are rather disposed to question the taste of the author, in driving Charlotte mad, and destroying a creature so beautiful, so playful, and so affectionate. Perhaps, however, he trusted more to the adventures of Capt. Croiser and Signior Rannolini, for enchaining the attention of the reader, than to the charms of those twin beauties; and it cannot be denied that their doings are sufficiently bold and romantic. In the former, the reader will in due time discover the long-lost nephew of the Port Admiral, and in the latter, before he has journeyed far, the far-famed Napoleon Bonaparte.

The story has as many loops and roundabouts in it, as an ill laid-up rope: yet it may be soon told. It relates the rise and progress of a mutiny on board a British line-of-battle ship, which ends in the destruction of a tyrannical Admiral and all his men, loyal as well as mutinous, save two, namely, Capt. Croiser, whom he had put in irons for resenting an insult, and Nine-fathom Tim, who was one of the busiest of the mutineers. They are miraculously saved, and conveyed by a privateer to France, where, feeling unable to tell an innocent story of the death of the Admiral and the destruction of the ship, they enter the French service, into which they are lured by a little management on the part of Bonaparte, at

that time First Consul. Napoleon and Croiser soon become intimate and inseparable; nor is Nine-fathom Tim left altogether out of their councils. They lay down magnificent plans of fraternization and conquest: England is to be compelled to become a great Maritime Republic; the Corsican hero is to be Emperor of Land, and Croiser King of Sea. They begin operations, by coming incognito to Britain, and by one of those fortunate accidents, which happen when required in a novel, become acquainted with the Port Admiral and his daughters. This enables Napoleon to survey docks, forts, and coasts, and even to fix upon the field on which Murat at the head of the cavalry, and himself directing the infantry, will on no distant day decide the destiny of Britain. Nor is it wholly in plans of conquest that the adventurers busy themselves: they engage in gentle flirtations with the Port Admiral's daughters—indulge in flights of the muse—make tours by land and excursions by sea—hold confidential interviews with Fox—converse with the Duke of Clarence—chat with the Prince of Wales, and talk politics with Pitt. At length they are suspected, and escape with difficulty to France. Now, one purblind might see that Britain's sun was nigh the setting: but true love, which often mars fine undertakings, upset all the grand speculations of Napoleon. One of the beautiful daughters of the Port Admiral, between whom and Croiser some love passages had taken place, discovers the treasonable designs of her lover—takes him to task, and, awakening the Briton within him, shakes his allegiance to Napoleon so effectually, that he disconcerts the meditated invasion: quarrels with the First Consul, flies to England, finds his true-love at the altar—is married—knighted—created an earl: visits Napoleon, and is reconciled to him on board the ship which is conveying him to St. Helena. We shall select a few passages, to show the spirit and feeling of the work: the following is very characteristic:—

"Now I'll tell you a queer story about that—yes!—When I was a younker, in the first American war, about six months after I got my swab, I had a shipmate called Dick Ratline—little Dick Ratline,—smartest fellow I think I ever saw in my life; a boatswain's mate he was, a coxswain of my boat—the launch. Well, one day it was blowing great guns and marling-spikes; little Dick and I were sent off to assist some small craft which had got bilged on a reef of rocks. Its boats were stoved to shiverens, and tide rising. Well, ye see it was running such a sea, 'twas as much as ever the boat could live, and with her draft, we didn't dare attempt laying her 'longside for fear of being stove to pieces too; so what does little Dick do, but make fast to his midships a rope's end which we had brought with us, and swim under the craft's stern where they had deeper water, and could give him down the bight of the main sheet and haul him on board. Once there, he knocked down the skipper for being half-seas-over, turned to, built a rough sort of raft—got all her able hands upon it as well as himself, and we towed them every man off safe and sound to the frigate. Thus Dick saved fourteen lives. So the men clubbed together and gave him this call, which Dick laid by in lavender, and swore it should never be used till he got his boatswain's warrant, which the captain had promised to get for him the first opportunity. Well, some time after, we were on our way to the

Admiral, and Dick was as glad as a grig to think that he'd got his bit of paper at last; when one night the boats were ordered away to cut out—three of them, and I had the command. Everything being ready, away we started. Now, before we left the ship, what does Dick do, but take his gold pipe out of lavender and sling it round him—as he said to give it a warming, but some of his messmates told me afterwards that he felt rather faint hearted—according to his own account—and so put this on to remind him of former days—a sort of filip to do his best. We pulled in—oars muffled—to within some hundred yards say,—the enemy lying away here on our starboard bow, within a little bight of the land, when, just as we were going to separate in three parties, head, stern, and gangway, what should come athwart us but a sweeping broadside from a cursed masked battery inland.—"We're discovered, boys," said I, "hurrah and close!" and we gave way like good ones, but the battery played us so well, and surprised us so much, that we were beat off. We'd hardly got out of fire when we missed Dick, and as some one had seen him taken prisoner, it spirited the lads up to rescue our game little bantam cock. We clapped all the wounded into the small cutter, and told them to pull in by the shore from windward, making such a row as would attract the battery, while we sneaked round and boarded her on the other side from landward. By Jove, Sir, it succeeded. Dick and another who were yet standing on deck when we swept alongside, managed to get hold of something in the shape of a cutlass, or a broomstick for anything I know, and laying into the fellows behind, with loud cries of "Old England for ever"—egad! they thought we had boarded them on both sides. Well, Sir, just when it was all over, I heard some fellow on the deck singing out my name and stooping down, there was little Dick fumbling in his breast—they'd pinned him in the scruff of the neck, poor fellow, so ye see he couldn't speak very plain, but telegraphing for me to bring my head near, he just managed to put his call-ribbon over my neck, gripe my hand in his flipper—say something like—"You—you"—and before I could say "What cheer, my hearty?" odds bobs! he was dead as mutton! I should like to have told him that we came back for him. I know 'twould have been as good to his soul as a pint of grog, but he forged a head too quickly. Poor little Dick! and the long gathering particle of moisture slid down the old veteran's cheek as he turned towards the gay creature that now came galloping towards them."

Nor is the conversation which ensues in a short sea trip between Croiser and Tim Tarpaulin—called, for shortness, Nine-fathom Tim, less racy; they have just escaped from a sinking ship:—

"Too true!" returned the latter with considerable emotion, in French; then adding in his native tongue, 'Poor fellows, they're all gone!—and—amongst them, one I have valued for years, honest old heart!' while a tear glistened in his eye. 'I would not have lost him for the brightest jewel in England's crown. Poor Tim—poor Tarpaulin—he's gone too!'

"Urh! blabbered some gruff voice from behind, 'but, axing your honour's pardon, he's not so green as to leave a good skipper for Davy Jones on such a windy morning!'

"At those well-known accents, Croiser instantly turned his head, and to his inexpressible joy all his fears were dispelled. It was indeed Nine-fathom Tim! Past and present dangers were forgotten. Thrusting forth his hand, he seized that of his old shipmate, saying, 'What then, you old vagabond, you're really here—and how have you managed to escape?'

"Pretty well, your honour! pretty well,

thank ye!" returned Tim, affected with the kindness of his captain, "all things considered; 'sep-tin ye see, your honour, I've lost my ould grog-case!"

"What—Sal?"

"No, no, your honour! Not so bad as that neither! No, my ould case what your honour remembers was made out of the Pomony [Pomona] by my ould messmate Bill Shakings. He was cast away, poor chap, off the coast of Africky!"

"Well, well, Tim, if that's all, we can give you a better one when we get ashore."

"Ay, ay, your honour, belike you'll give me a better one, or a gold 'un for the matter o' that; but it won't have been made by Bill Shakings, nor have been with me calm and squall, high or low, nor have kept my old mother's tea; for ye see, the good 'oman used it as a tea-chest for many's the long day, when I left it, like the Dutchman's anchor, at home, till, as your honour knows, she set off to Davy Jones from Portsmouth harbour one cold morning—let alone beside all this, having held more rale good licker than ever I shall drink agen—more's the sorrow! Will your honour have a drop o' something short this could morning?" proffering a dram of spirit in the top of his "Sal Mofiat."

"Not now, thank ye, Tim."

Napoleon, besides viewing forts and harbours, seeks to tamper with the natives, and in particular desires to promote Nine-fathom Tim in the French army: the proposal was received in no gracious mood:—

"Soger, your honour?" replied the tar, knitting his brows, "umph! the red varmint! the first beggarly corporal that ever went to drill me into a red herring, dash my wig if I wouldn't swallow him, musket, ramrod, cartridge-box and all, like the shark at Port Royal, which that long tongued skipper tells about. They, your honour, happened to catch the poor creetur just after a full dinner, and ripping it open, found Jemy Toggle the corporal of marines all ataunto, with his bayonet shipped and the hour glass in his hand; for he tumbled overboard ye see, as he went to strike the bell. Forward there, stand by with your bow oar!"

We can indulge in no more quotations: nor have we space for many remarks. These volumes will make a stir in what an old writer calls the "Wooden World": they touch too severely upon blemishes in the discipline, manners, opinions, and principles of our maritime government, not to be eagerly examined, and perhaps sharply discussed, by naval men. The author directs his humour, his pathos, and his invective, against impressment and smuggling, as well as against the sternness and severity of some of our chief officers; nor is he sparing of examples, and terrible ones, drawn, we are given to understand, from history. He has himself, we hear, been a witness of much that he describes; and there can be no doubt of his intimate acquaintance with the deepsea and the social Jacks: in one or two places, he alludes to his own story, and lays claim to high—nay, royal descent. We confess that genius makes a deeper impression on us than high birth: if the author be sure of the latter, there is no question that he has a share of the former. We think favourably of his merits: but we cannot help feeling that he has more animation than simplicity, and is a little too much addicted to exaggeration and the picturesque.

Medical Botany; or, Illustrations and Descriptions of the Medicinal Plants of the London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Pharmacopæias, &c.; with figures drawn and coloured from nature. A new edition, edited by Gilbert T. Burnett, F.L.S., Professor of Botany in King's College, London. 8vo. London: Churchill.

If this work cannot be said to equal in appearance some of the more costly of the publications upon similar subjects, that have issued from the prolific press of Germany, it may at least be placed upon a line with them in point of utility, if it does not, as we are disposed to think, surpass them in that respect. Woodville's *Medical Botany* has long been obsolete; it had never any great reputation, beyond what the accurate figures by Sowerby could give it; and yet, until the appearance of the first edition of Stephenson and Churchill's work, it was the only English publication upon the subject. The opinion of the public has been favourably expressed by its having reached a second edition, into which, many corrections and additions have been introduced by Mr. Burnett. The only thing that we regret to be obliged to criticize, is the order, or rather the want of all order, in the arrangement of the subjects. It is of great importance that the matter of a work which is intended for the medical student, should be so disposed, as to place in immediate contact all those species which are most nearly related to each other; and nothing is more inconvenient than to find the arrangement of the work such, that the account of the wild lettuce is followed by that of hemlock, this by the orange, the orange by the olive, and so on. Had this been attended to, Mr. Burnett's publication would have had our unqualified approbation, and even with this defect, we do not hesitate to recommend the work as by far the best that has appeared in England. As a specimen of the manner in which the editor treats his subject, we extract the following from the account of the Hemlock:—

"M. Haaf, a French army surgeon, has recorded a fatal case of poisoning by hemlock, which closely resembled poisoning by opium."

"In the year 1822, a grenadier in garrison at Torquemada, in Spain, partook of some broth into which hemlock had been put, and died in three hours. On dissection, the stomach was half filled with crude broth; there were round the pylorus some red spots; the liver was very voluminous; there was no alteration in the intestines; the *vena cava* and the heart were emptied of blood; the pectoral cavity was narrow, and the left lobe of the lungs was sound, but the right one was entirely destroyed by a preceding suppuration. On opening the cranium, there flowed out a sufficient quantity of blood to fill two ordinary sized chamber utensils: the vessels of the brain were extremely gorged with blood."

"Dr. Watson has recorded in the *Philosophical Transactions* two cases which were fatal in the same short space of time: the subjects were two Dutch soldiers, who, in common with several of their comrades, took broth made with various herbs, and among the rest hemlock leaves. Giddiness, coma, and convulsions were the principal symptoms. The men who recovered were affected exactly as if they had taken opium. *Christison.*

"To avoid disappointment from its effects, which so frequently occurs, the plant must be gathered in June, just as it commences flower-

ing. The leaflets should then be plucked from the foot-stalks, which are to be thrown away; and the former, after being carefully dried in the sun, or in a stove very moderately heated, may be preserved in sealed paper, and firmly pressed into a box, from which both air and light are to be excluded if possible. The powder, the best manner of administering it, may be kept for years in an opaque closely-stopped phial. The extract can scarcely ever be relied on, from the carelessness observed in its manufacture: we therefore recommend our readers to practise Mr. Houlton's plan, which consists in submitting the expressed juice to the atmosphere in shallow vessels; whereby spontaneous evaporation is produced; and a preparation obtained, containing all the virtues of the recent plant."

Indian Biography; or, an Historical Account of those Individuals who have been distinguished among the North American Natives as Orators, Warriors, Statesmen, and other Remarkable Characters. By B. B. Thatcher, Esq.

[Second Notice.]

We resume our examination of this curious and agreeable work. The chief characteristics of an Indian are cunning, fortitude, and a sort of chivalrous feeling, which would amount to heroism if it could be calculated upon; but it is like the light of a meteor, capricious and inconstant. This is true of the most distinguished chiefs of all the native communities. We have glanced at the savage princes of Virginia and New England: let us look at the leaders of that confederacy, called by the British, the Five Nations, by the French, the Iroquois, by the Dutch, the Maquas, and by the southern Indians, the Massawomakes. When the French, in 1603, settled in Canada, they found the Five Nations at war with a wild sept or tribe who lived near three hundred miles distant, called the Adirondacks. These were a fierce people: five of their number undertook the task of exterminating the Five Nations, and by their astonishing energy and bravery well nigh turned the balance of the war. We can find space for a description of one of those savage desperadoes:—

"One of the number was PISKARET, in his own day the most celebrated chieftain of the north. He and his four comrades solemnly devoted themselves to the purpose of redeeming the sullied glory of the nation, at a period when the prospect of conquest, and perhaps of defence, had already become desperate. They set out for Trois Rivières in one canoe; each of them being provided with three muskets, which they loaded severally with two bullets, connected by a small chain ten inches in length. In Sorel River, they met with five boats of the Iroquois, each having on board ten men. As the parties rapidly came together, the Adirondacks pretended to give themselves up for lost, and began howling the death-song. This was continued till their enemy was just at hand. They then suddenly ceased singing, and fired simultaneously on the five canoes. The charge was repeated with the arms which lay ready loaded, and the slight birches of the Iroquois were torn asunder, and the frightened occupants tumbled overboard as fast as possible. Piskaret and his comrades, after knocking as many of them on the head as they pleased, reserved the remainder to feed their revenge, which was soon afterwards done by burning them alive in the most cruel tortures."

"This exploit, creditable as it might be to the actors in the eyes of their countrymen, served only to sharpen the fierce eagerness for

blood which still raged in the bosom of Piskaret. His next enterprise was far more hazardous than the former: and so much more so, indeed, even in prospect, that not a single warrior would bear him company. He set out alone, therefore, for the country of the Five Nations, (with which he was well acquainted,) about that period of the spring when the snow was beginning to melt. Accustomed, as an Indian must be, to all emergencies of travelling as well as warfare, he took the precaution of putting the hinder part of his snow-shoes forward, so that if his footsteps should happen to be observed by his vigilant enemy, it might be supposed he was gone the contrary way. For further security he went along the ridges and high grounds, where the snow was melted, that his track might be lost.

"On coming near one of the villages of the Five Nations, he concealed himself until night, and then entered a cabin, while the inmates were fast asleep, murdered the whole family, and carried the scalps to his lurking-place. The next day, the people of the village sought for the murderer, but in vain. He came out again at midnight, and repeated his deed of blood. The third night, a watch was kept in every house, and Piskaret was compelled to exercise more caution. But his purpose was not abandoned. He bundled up the scalps he had already taken, to carry home with him as a proof of his victory, and then stole warily from house to house, until he at last discovered an Indian nodding at his post. This man he despatched at a blow, but that blow alarmed the neighbourhood, and he was forced immediately to fly for his life. Being, however, the fleetest Indian then alive, he was under no apprehension of danger from the chase. He suffered his pursuers to approach him from time to time, and then suddenly darted away from them, hoping in this manner to discourage as well as escape them. When the evening came on, he hid himself, and his enemies stopped to rest. Feeling no danger from a single enemy, and he a fugitive, they even indulged themselves in sleep. Piskaret, who watched every movement, turned about, knocked every man of them on the head, added their scalps to his bundle, and leisurely resumed his way home."

One of the most distinguished chiefs of the Five Nations was named GARANGULA; he was the pride of Onondaga tribe for courage and eloquence. As a specimen of his oratory, read what he said in reply to a threatening speech from the French Governor of Quebec in 1684:—

"Yonondio!" he began—addressing the Governor by the title always given to that Canadian officer by the Five Nations—"Yonondio!—I honour you, and the warriors that are with me all likewise honour you. Your interpreter has finished your speech; I now begin mine. My words make haste to reach your ears. Harken to them."

"Yonondio!—You must have believed when you left Quebec, that the sun had burnt up all the forests, which render our country inaccessible to the French, or that the lakes had so far overflowed the banks, that they had surrounded our castles, and that it was impossible for us to get out of them. Yes, surely you must have dreamed so, and the curiosity of seeing so great a wonder, has brought you so far. Now you are undeceived. I and the warriors here present, are come to assure you, that the Senecas, Cayugas, Onondagas, Oneidas and Mohawks are yet alive. I thank you in their name, for bringing back into their country the calumet, which your predecessor received from their hands. It was happy for you, that you left under ground that murdering hatchet, so often dyed in the blood of the French."

"Hear, Yonondio!—I do not sleep. I have my eyes open. The sun, which enlightens me, discovers to me a great captain at the head of a company of soldiers, who speaks as if he were dreaming. He says, that he only came to the lake to smoke on the great calumet with the Onondagas. But Garangula says, that he sees the contrary; that it was to knock them on the head, if sickness had not weakened the arms of the French. I see Yonondio raving in a camp of sick men, whose lives the Great Spirit has saved by inflicting this sickness on them."

"Hear Yonondio!—Our women had taken their clubs, our children and old men had carried their bows and arrows into the heart of your camp, if our warriors had not disarmed them, and kept them back, when your messenger came to our castles. It is done and I have said it."

On the shores of the great northern lakes several tribes of Indians established themselves, and continued unmolested amid their wildernesses for more than a century after the discovery of America. When the French yielded to the English, and the latter began to extend their territories inland, these fierce tribes looked for a leader, in whose courage and ability they might confide during the war which they resolved to wage against the invaders: they found a chief to their mind in Pontiac. Tradition makes him an Ottawa: he distinguished himself when very young in defending Detroit against a combined attack of the more northern tribes; and on the cession of that territory he hastened in no amicable mood to meet Major Rogers, who was sent to take possession. There was something savagely heroic in the bearing of Pontiac on this occasion.

This rude hero had the address to unite all the northern tribes into one grand confederacy: when his plans were matured, he rushed from his wildernesses upon the devoted English, attacked them wherever he found them, and assaulted with his naked chivalry the strongest fortifications. He was victorious in more than one battle-field, and he conquered more than one fort. He was a warrior, and more.

"It is mainly from his actions, of necessity, that the character of such a man, in such a situation, must be judged. There are, however, some items of personal information respecting him, and these all go to confirm the opinion we have already expressed. His anxiety to learn the English methods of manufacturing cloth, iron, and some other articles, was such that he offered Major Rogers a part of his territory, if he would take him to England for that purpose. He also endeavoured to inform himself of the tactics and discipline of the English troops. Probably it was in consequence of suggestions made by Rogers at some of the conversations he had with that officer, (and at which the latter allows that 'he discovered great strength of judgment, and a thirst after knowledge,') that afterwards, in the course of the war, he appointed an Indian Commissary, and began to issue bills of credit. These, which are said to have been punctually redeemed, are described as having the figure of whatever he wanted in exchange for them, drawn upon them, with the addition of his own stamp in the shape of an otter. The system was set in operation partly for the benefit of the French. They had been subjected, occasionally, to indiscriminate pillage, but Pontiac became satisfied that such a process would soon put an end to itself, besides doing no honour to his cause. The supplies which they subsequently furnished, were regularly

levied through the medium of his commissariat department."

These our latter days have produced in the same district another savage warrior, who seems to have had all the talents of Pontiac, with greater dignity of soul—this was the celebrated Tecumseh. He formed the resolution of raising the fallen fortunes of his people, and united with his brother, who was at once both warrior and prophet, in this daring task. Through preaching and exhortation, the northern tribes resolved to become a great people. There was to be no more quarrelling—no more intoxication—no more stealing—and, finally, they were to throw off their blankets, and wear rough skins as their ancestors did. Tecumseh expected by these measures to render his people independent, and create a nation out of them according to their own native spirit. We are not sure that the author has done full justice to the character and views of this extraordinary person: he has, however, given us glimpses of him, which are far from unpleasing:—

"Tecumseh belonged to a nation 'noted,' as Mr. Heckewelder describes them, 'for much talk,' as well as for hard fighting; and he was himself never at a loss for words, though he used them with a chariness which might be imitated without disadvantage by some of our modern orators. It was only when he spoke for the explanation or vindication of that great cause to which his whole heart and mind were devoted, that he indulged himself in anything beyond the laconic language of necessity. His appearance was always noble—his form symmetrical—his carriage erect and lofty—his motions commanding—but under the excitement of his favourite theme, he became a new being. The artifice of the politician, the diffidence of the stranger, the demure dignity of the warrior, were cast aside like a cloak. His fine countenance lighted up with a fiery and haughty pride. His frame swelled with emotion. Every posture and every gesture had its eloquent meaning. And then language, indeed,—the irrepressible outburst of nature,—flowed glowing from the passion fountains of the soul."

"We have drawn the portrait of this eminent chieftain hitherto, only so far as to sketch some of those strongly-marked lineaments by which he was best known to his contemporaries, and by which he will be longest remembered. But there was something more in his character than strong savage talent and savage feeling. Injured and irritated as he often was, and constantly as he kept himself excited by an interest in the fate of his countrymen, and by the agitation of his own schemes, there is no evidence either of coarseness in his manners, or of cruelty in his conduct. For reasons easily to be imagined, he regarded Governor Harrison with less partiality than most other individual Americans; and hence, the British General is said to have stipulated early in the war, that the Governor, if taken prisoner, should be his captive. But he is understood to have always treated that gentleman with such courtesy, that we apprehend, had this *casus fœderis* unfortunately occurred, he would have gloried only in conveying him off the battle-field in the manner of the Black-Prince, and in setting before him, with the royal munificence of Massasoit, all the dry pease in his wigwam."

In the battle where he perished, he fought with undaunted bravery, and obtained the praise of both English and Americans: his people fled the moment that he fell, and no one survived who had his genius and influence to carry his magnificent, and we think practicable, schemes into execution. The

concluding passage of the life of this singular man is very much to our mind in all things, except the sort of questionable praise which the author bestows on his patriotism—these are his words:—

"Happily for the fame of Tecumseh, other evidences exist in his favour,—such as were felt as well as heard in his own day,—such as will live on the pages of civilized history, long after barbarous tradition has forgotten them. He will be named with Philip and Pontiac, 'the agitators' of the two centuries which preceded his own. The schemes of these men were,—fortunately for the interest which they lived and laboured to resist,—alike unsuccessful in their issue; but none the less credit should for that reason be allowed to their motives or their efforts. They were still statesmen, though the communities over which their influence was exerted, were composed of red men instead of white. They were still patriots, though they fought only for wild lands and for wild liberty. Indeed, it is these very circumstances that make these very efforts,—and especially the extraordinary degree of success which attended them,—the more honourable and the more signal; while they clearly show the necessity of their ultimate failure, which existed in the nature of things. They are the best proofs, at once, of genius and of principle."

The last of these savage chiefs whom we shall at present notice, is the Seneca warrior and orator Sagoyewah, called by the whites RED-JACKET. An American bard has sung of him—

Though no poet's magic
Could make Red-Jacket grace an English rhyme,
Unless he had a genius for the tragic,
Or introduced it in a pantomime.

He won his dignity by word and deed, for he was lowly born: but he prided himself more on his oratory than on his valour; and when once questioned about his exploits, he exclaimed, "Warrior!—I am no warrior, I am an orator—I was born an orator!" We have no room for his deeds, which were bold ones, nor for his speeches, which are both cunning and eloquent; but we must make room for an anecdote or two, which are very characteristic. The following requires no explanation:—

"There is good reason to believe that Red-Jacket took his earliest lessons in the art of war during the Revolution, in the ranks of those Senecas who so signally distinguished themselves by their ravages on the frontiers of New-York, Pennsylvania, New-Jersey, and Virginia. The only reference, however, which he ever himself made to that part of his history, so far as we know, was latterly at Buffalo, when he was introduced to General Lafayette, then on his tour through the country. He reminded the latter of a Council at Fort Stanwix in 1784, where both were present, and which had been called with the view of negotiating a treaty with some of the Six Nations. 'And where,' asked Lafayette, 'is the Young Warrior who so eloquently opposed the burying of the tomahawk?' 'He is before you,' answered the chief. 'Ah!'—he added with a melancholy air, and stripping off a handkerchief from his bald head, 'Time has made bad work with me. But you, I perceive,'—and here he narrowly reconnoitred the General's wig—'You have hair enough left yet!' At the date of this interview, seven years since, he was at least sixty-five years of age, and therefore must have been about twenty-five at the time of the treaty."

Red-Jacket became at last, what he called "a rascal"—he fell, like Uncas, Logan, and Pipe, into temptation, and swallowed "fire-water" whenever he could obtain it—

in short, he became a sad drunkard. We are sorry for this; and, to part with him pleasantly, we bid him farewell in an anecdote:—

"During the last war with England, a gallant officer of the American Army, stationed on the Niagara frontier, showed some peculiarly gratifying attentions to Red-Jacket. The former being soon afterwards ordered to Governor's Island, the Chief came to bid him farewell. 'Brother,'—said he, 'I hear you are going to a place called Governor's Island. I hope you will be a Governor yourself. I am told you whites consider children a blessing. I hope you will have one thousand at least. Above all, wherever you go, I hope you will never find whiskey more than two shillings a quart.'"

We have already praised sufficiently these interesting biographies, and the length of our extracts proves our liking. The arrangement might, in many instances, be improved, and the narratives rendered clearer: the author, too, occasionally repeats himself: but these are small blemishes in a work so full of fine character and original matter of all kinds.

Pauline: a Fragment of a Confession.
London: Saunders & Otley.

THERE is not a little true poetry in this very little book: here and there we have a touch of the mysterious, which we cannot admire; and now and then a want of true melody, which we can forgive; with perhaps more abruptness than what is necessary: all that, however, is as a grain of sand in a cup of pure water, compared to the nature, and passion, and fancy of the poem. We open the book at random; but fine things abound: there is no difficulty in finding passages to vindicate our praise:—

Autumn has come—like Spring returned to us,
Won from her girlishness—like one returned
A friend that was a lover—nor forgets
The first warm love, but full of sober thoughts
Of fading years; whose soft mouth quivers yet
With the old smile—but yet so changed and still!
And here am I the scoffer, who have probed
Life's vanity, won by a word again
Into my old life—for one little word
Of this sweet friend, who lives in loving me,
Lives strangely on my thoughts, and looks, and words,
As fathoms down some nameless ocean thing
Its silent course of quietness and joy.
O dearest, if, indeed, I tell the past,
Mayst thou forget it as a sad sick dream;
Or if it lingers—my lost soul too soon
Sinks to itself, and whispers, we shall be
But closer linked—two creatures whom the earth
Bears singly—with strange feelings, unrevealed
But to each other; or two lonely things
Created by some Power, whose reign is done,
Having no part in God, or his bright world,
I am to sing; whilst ebbing day dies soft,
As a lean scholar dies, worn o'er his book,
And in the heaven stars steal out one by one,
As hunted men steal to their mountain watch.
I must not think—lest this new impulse die
In which I trust. I have no confidence,
So I will sing on—fast as fancies come
Rudely—the verse being as the mood it paints.

Description and sentiment are everywhere beautifully mingled:—

Night, and one single ridge of narrow path
Between the sullen river and the woods
Waving and muttering—for the moonless night
Has shaped them into images of life,
Like the upraising of the giant-ghosts,
Looking on earth to know how their sons fare.
Thou art so close to me, the roughest swell
Of the tree-tops hides not the panting
Of thy soft breasts; no—we will pass to morning—
Morning—the rocks, and valleys, and old woods.
How the sun brightens the mist, and here—
Half in the air, like creatures of the place,
Trusting the element—living on high boughs
That swing in the wind—look at the golden spray,
Flung from the foam-sheet of the cataract,
Amid the broken rocks—shall we stay here
With the wild hawks? no, ere the hot noon come
Dive we down—safe: see this new retreat
Walled in with a sloped mound of matted shrubs,

Dark, tangled, old and green—still sloping down
To a small pool whose waters lie asleep
Amid the trailing boughs turned water-plants,
And tall trees over-arch to keep us in,
Breaking the subbeams into emerald shafts,
And in the dreamy water one small group
Of two or three strange trees are got together,
Wondering at all around—as strange beasts herd
Together far from their own land—all wildness—
No turf nor moss, for boughs and plants pave all,
And tongues of bank go shelving in the waters,
Where the pale-throated snake reclines his head,
And old grey stones lie making eddies there;
The wild mice cross them dry-shod—deeper in—
Shut thy soft eyes—now look—still deeper in:
This is the very heart of the woods—all round,
Mountain-like, heaped above us; yet even here
One pond of water gleams—far off the river
Sweeps like a sea, barred out from land; but one—
One thin clear sheet has over-leaped and wound
Into this silent depth, which gained, it lies
Still, as but let by surffance; the trees bend
Over it as wild men watch a sleeping girl,
And thro' their roots long creeping plants stretch out
Their twined hair, steeped and sparkling; farther on,
Tall rushes and thick flag-knots have combined
To narrow it; so, at length, a silver thread
It winds, all noiselessly, thro' the deep wood,
Till thro' a cleft way, thro' the moss and stone,
It joins its parent-river with a shout.

The poem is dated Richmond, Oct. 22, 1832: it bears no name, and carries the stamp of no poet with whose works we are intimate. We hope the author's next strains will be more cheerful, and as original as these: the day is past, we fear, for either fee or fame in the service of the muse; but to one who sings so naturally, poetry must be as easy as music is to a bird, and no doubt it has a solace all its own.

Journal of an Excursion to Antwerp during the Siege of the Citadel. By Capt. the Hon. C. S. W. London: Murray.

No siege of modern times has engaged so much of public attention as that of Antwerp: without rousing any great interest, for the event was beyond the chances of war, it, for its short hour, occupied all thoughts. The whole proceeding was strange and unintelligible. While Europe was in profound peace, the roar of cannon was heard, and great nations were seen banded together, sounding their war-cry, and assembling their marshalled thousands, even though there was no enemy to fight with. The citadel of Antwerp, it is true, stood friendless and unsupported, looking down upon this bustle of preparation; but opposition was so evidently impossible, that its fall, if resistance were offered, could be calculated on to a day, or even to an hour. Under these circumstances, the siege seemed a holiday sport—a mere field day on a great scale—loss of life came literally under the head of "casualties," and parties of pleasure were made to visit the scene, as we assemble friends to go with us to a review. Among the curious or the pleasure hunting on this occasion was Captain the Hon. C. S. Wortley, and he has here furnished us with a pleasant account of what he saw and heard. The Captain, however, did not arrive on the field until the tenth day after the trenches were opened; and the narrative of the early operations has, in consequence, been furnished by a friend, a very able one, as the document itself is proof of. The first impression on these occasions is always vivid; we shall therefore give an account of the Captain's journey from Brussels:—

"In the first part of the journey, we saw nothing that indicated the hostilities which were in activity at so short a distance; and had it not been for the constant fire of cannon which we heard on the road, and during the whole of the

preceding night at Brussels, there was nothing to remind us of those proceedings.

At a short distance on the other side of Mecklin we met a few covered carts, conveying some soldiers who had been slightly wounded, but who were well enough to be removed to the rear of the army. * * * We then passed through the village of Berchem, at about a mile from Antwerp, where the head-quarters of the French army and of Marshal Gerard were posted, which presented a most lively scene, full of troops, amusing themselves in every sort of way, while bivouacs were formed on the outskirts. Most of the trees and underwood in the hedges were cut down either to make gabions or fascines, or else to erect tents for the soldiers in the camp. The plot thickened as we approached Antwerp.

"Before we arrived at the gates of the town there were several marks of shells and shot that had fallen on each side of the road, and in many places had pierced the walls and roofs of the houses. * * * On arriving at the gates of the town we were asked for our passports, and allowed to enter. We found all the streets approaching to the citadel barricaded,—sentinels placed in every direction,—and all the cellar-windows throughout the city filled with mud and straw, and made splinter-proof, in case of an attack from the citadel. These were the only visible symptoms of the siege then in progress so close to the place; and throughout the streets, the inhabitants, both male and female, were walking about quite unconcerned."

Our next extract will be an account of the opening of the French batteries; it reads very like the great military displays on Wimbledon Common; it is difficult to persuade oneself that the parties were in earnest:—

"On the morning of the 4th, a party assembled at Captain Soudain's battery to witness the opening of the French batteries. It was generally understood that the fire was to commence precisely at eleven o'clock, and as the time approached there were indications of some important event.

"Marshal Gerard, accompanied by the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours, with a numerous staff, and Colonel Caradoc, were seen to move towards fort Montebello, which lay immediately beyond Soudain's battery, and at the extreme right of the first parallel. At the same time, General Deprez, and a staff of Belgian officers, rode into the battery, and alighting, ascended the rampart to witness the scene. Several military spectators were assembled on the spot, and below the rampart a military band was stationed. The early part of the morning had been dull and cloudy, but towards ten o'clock it cleared up, leaving only a slight mist or haze. The Dutch had not fired for some time; and while looking from the rampart across the country, in the direction of the citadel and the ground occupied by the French, there was no sight or sound that indicated the slightest hostile movement; the groves and gardens, the intersecting hedges, and the several country residences of the opulent merchants, masked the trenches of the besiegers, and presented only to the eye a rich suburban landscape softened by the light haze. Precisely at eleven o'clock, as the last stroke of the clock was heard, the first gun from a battery towards Kiel was fired; it was answered by a shout from the troops in the trenches, and followed at short intervals by the other batteries, while the band in Soudain's battery struck up a national air. The citadel recommenced its fire, and the landscape was soon involved in smoke. The numerous spectators in the battery—the gay military cortège in Montebello—the accompaniment of military music—and the rapid transition of the scene before us from perfect tranquillity and beauty to tumult and smoke, produced an effect not unlike what

we might have expected from the ingenious devices of Astley and Franconi.

"On looking round, the resemblance was heightened by observing the roof of the Théâtre des Variétés, a large building in rear of the battery, crowded with spectators, whose heads were protruded through holes made expressly for their accommodation."

The firing soon had its influence. The following describes the appearance of the city after the batteries had been opened:—

"As the party walked through the town, they were struck with the interruption to all the ordinary occupations, the number of houses shut up, and the entire absence of that bustle and activity of the inhabitants, proper to a large commercial city. The solitude of the streets was occasionally cheered by the different corps of civic guards moving to their respective stations, with their bands playing,—by the galloping of couriers and orderly officers through the town,—and by the appearance of the French generals attached to the Belgian army, with their staff. A group of merchants were here and there assembled debating anxiously on the state of affairs, having abandoned the Bourse, 'where most they congregate.' The city bore rather the appearance of a military fortress, preparing for hostile measures, than of a great centre of trade and commerce."

From the steeple of St. André we get a peep into the citadel itself.

"By telescopes we were enabled to distinguish the Dutch and their works in every part of the citadel. It was extraordinary to observe some walking backwards and forwards behind their guns, and others firing them, while the shells from the besieging army constantly fell at a very few yards distance, without appearing to affect either their motions or their manner: many were in close conversation, and others sitting or lying down, to refresh themselves."

The following is the description of a French bivouac in some fields near Berchem:—

"Most of the troops had found shelter in the village and houses in the neighbourhood; but the 19th Regiment had huddled themselves in the fields. The huts were of the simplest construction, framed with poles, and thatched with straw like the roof of a cottage, but ranged according to the usual plan of an encampment. The sentries would only allow strangers to stroll down one of the lines, and round the outskirts, and promptly but civilly warned them from approaching elsewhere. Parties were grouped together in different spots of the ground, some cooking, some resting, some laughing and singing, and some dancing; there was throughout the usual air of joyousness and merriment—of good humour and good fellowship—so characteristic of the French soldier, and which gave an appearance of holiday amusement to the whole scene."

There are some, but not many, anecdotes scattered over the volume; the following is characteristic:—

"Colonel W. S., accompanied by Captain B., went into the trenches, and amused us very much, on his return, with an anecdote that happened to himself. A shell fell close to him as he was walking along among several of the men on duty, and, in order to protect himself from its explosion, he made for the securest part of the trench, when one of the soldiers, who had observed how judiciously he had placed himself, came laughing up, squeezed into the same place, pushed him out by the elbow, and with a broad grin, exclaimed, '*Ici chacun pour son propre compte, monsieur.*' Colonel S. could not help laughing at the cool and joking manner in which it was done, though it was by no means agreeable to be shoved within the reach of the explosion, which, however, fortunately missed him."

The account of the negotiation and the surrender, with the accompanying circumstances, is one of the most graphic in the volume; we shall string together a few sentences:—

"We proceeded through the Malines gate, and entered the trenches in the rear of Montebello, which is the nearest approach from the town. Crowds of people had already rushed to the entrance, anxious to learn the state of the negotiation, and attempting to approach the scene of action. Sentinels were placed in all directions, with the strictest orders to let no one enter. * * * When we arrived at the Lunette St. Laurent we mounted the top of it, and had a wonderful view of the scene of action, the state of which it is quite impossible adequately to describe. * * *

"It presented a most animated scene, and strikingly different from the concealed and buried position of both armies during the progress of the siege, when over the same tract of country not a living soul was visible. * * *

"On advancing over the level ground between the trenches, we found it absolutely ploughed up by shot and shell of every description; there was not a foot of ground that did not show marks of the dreadful havoc which had prevailed. The walls of the Citadel were crumbling into the ditch before the French battery, the bridge and *batardeaux* were destroyed, and those parts of the masonry that still braved the storm of shot, were pierced and penetrated in a thousand places. * * *

"From the gorge of St. Laurent we descended into the trenches, and passed into the counter-battery. * * *

"The weather had been very fine during the last three days, and the French had dug little caves in the sides to sit in and protect themselves from the explosions of shells. In looking from the breaching battery, the breach appeared almost practicable; all the brick wall was shot away and pounded into dust, and the earth had rolled down into the ditch, and nearly filled it half across. From the battery we went into the covert-way which had been cut under it, and which faced the breach. It was a complete tunnel of about six feet square, supported by thick beams of wood, and reaching down to the wall of the counterscarp, which was ready to be pushed down in a moment for the assaulting party to pass through and rush up the breach."

After this, Captain Wortley got admission to the Citadel; and with the account of it we must conclude our extracts:—

"It is impossible to give the reader an accurate idea of the appearance of the interior of the Citadel, but when I say that there was not a foot's space of ground or building that was not shattered or pierced by shot or shell, I am confident I speak within bounds. The only remains of the buildings were a few bare walls, and, occasionally, a part of the roof, perforated with innumerable holes. The church, the barracks, the generals' and officers' houses, were all heaps of ruins. Cannon-balls and splinters were strewn and scattered among the broken earth, which had been everywhere ploughed up by the explosion of the shells. On the right, as we entered, we saw a place where the 'monstre bombe' had fallen. It had made an immense excavation, having the appearance of a place from whence an enormous tree had been uprooted; and the Dutchman who showed it to us said, that none of them could imagine what it was when it fell and exploded, but that, from its size, they fancied it must be something dropped upon them from heaven."

The work (which contains an excellent plan of the Citadel and of the French lines, with two or three lithographic views,) concludes with an able summary, and an esti-

mate of the military skill displayed in the attack and defence, which is certainly not in favour of General Chassé: the truth is, the whole proceeding was an unintelligible piece of obstinacy; the citadel should have been surrendered after the first shot was fired; but, it having been otherwise determined, it is difficult to say to what extent General Chassé was required to protract the siege, and at what cost of life and treasure to carry on the defence.

Le Salmigondis, Contes de toutes les couleurs.
Paris: Fournier, jeune; London, Treuttel & Co.

WE have received volumes V. and VI. of this entertaining, and, in many respects, interesting, miscellany; and need no more than make translations from them, in support of what we have already said of their predecessors, and for the amusement of our readers. The work obviously owes its existence to the success which has attended the 'Livre des Cent-et-Un' amongst the French; who, being a tolerably acute and intelligent people, may, we suppose, be presumed to be indifferently good judges of that which professes to illustrate their own modes of living and thinking,—with perfect deference, however, to the opinions of those, amongst ourselves, who may feel themselves better qualified for that office. In like manner, we may venture to assume that volumes V. and VI. are to be taken as evidence of the success of the preceding ones, and we hope as much. The publisher, in execution of his promise to bind up into his garland "tales of all colours"—but with reference to which we are compelled to observe that, even beneath our cold and clouded island-sky, the editor might have contrived to pick up much more brilliant flowers. In truth, we should not have been sorry, in a miscellany of this kind, to see our compatriots make a more distinguished figure. The volumes contain likewise two charming translations, from the Sanscrit and Chinese respectively, each presenting a very delightful view alike of the poetry and ethics of the easterns. The two most amusing papers are one by George Sands, entitled 'Cora,' and an exceedingly well-written and effective story, called 'Le Bas Bleu,' by Paulding, the American. Unluckily, however, for our purposes, they are also two of the longest, and we are not very fond of presenting our readers with a single link of a story as an evidence of its complete stature. We shall, therefore, content ourselves on this occasion with translating, what is called, a Mexican anecdote, a tale not very admirable for style or sentiment, or the development of character—but perfect in its humble way—full of melo-dramatic incident, of robbers of a very whiskered fashion, and all that sort of thing, and which we think likely to be of service to some of our dramatic Scribes.

PEPITA; A MEXICAN ANECDOTE.

By the Marquis de Chateaugiron.

"The Marquis de Bevenuccho, his wife, daughters, Don Cesar his intended son-in-law, a femme-de-chambre, and two male servants, occupied one of those huge coaches drawn by

ten mules, and guided by two postillions, which are frequently to be met with on the road from Vera Cruz to Mexico. While this lumbering vehicle was descending one of the roughest defiles of the Pinol, a violent jerk put its construction to so severe a test, as to threaten its entire ruin, unless repairs were immediately made. The travellers were, in consequence, obliged to alight. What was to be done?—The coachman informed them that they could reach, at a short distance from the spot, a *posada*, which, though certainly not much frequented, and greatly dilapidated, was still habitable, and where they might pass the night. This plan was accordingly adopted, and the whole party, escorting the coach, and bemoaning their misfortune, reached the gate of the *posada* at the moment of sunset. It was a desolate habitation, surrounded by broken walls, ruined towers, and gloomy pines, which gave it the air of a chateau of romance. Nevertheless, it occasionally served as a place of shelter for muleteers and their mules. The Marquis and his family took possession of a large chamber, in which their beds were prepared; the femme-de-chambre nestled as well as she could in a closet which resembled the cell of a convent; and the servants slept just where sleep happened to overtake them, and wrapped up in their cloaks.

"But the heroine of our tale, the femme-de-chambre Pepita, had some suspicion that all was not right. In passing before a grated window, which opened upon the court, she fancied she had caught a glimpse of two flashing eyes, which instantly disappeared; and this incident was sufficient to excite her apprehensions. She retired, however, into her cell; she had no need of a light to find the wooden bench which had been prepared for her, and placing her mantle under her head, for a pillow, was about to close her eyes, when, casting them towards the ceiling of her little dormitory, she remarked a ray of light, which glimmered through the chinks of a wooden shutter. Using the utmost precaution, she raised herself silently upon a table which stood beneath the window, and, half withdrawing a curtain which hung before it, her eye peered into the adjoining room, within which she saw two men sitting near a table, their faces turned from her, and lighted by a lamp which burned in a corner of the apartment. Pepita, a Quadroon by birth, had enough of Spanish blood in her veins to give her great pretensions amongst her Indian compatriots. She was intelligent, faithful, courageous, and as resolute as Judith herself.

"With a glance she took note of all things in the chamber. It was impossible to mistake the profession of these men, for Pepita saw before them an open chest, which she, at once, recognized as belonging to her master, and from which the bandits had drawn out the provisions and plate which it contained. Both appeared to have done honour to the Marquis's wine, and were so much intoxicated, that she felt no apprehension of being detected by them. She continued, therefore, to observe their movements with anxious attention, and, at the same time, arranged the plan of operation, which she determined to pursue. For a moment she felt herself chilled by terror, when the words which she heard, conveyed to her the knowledge that the elder of the two was the famous *Capador* himself. She remembered at once that he was generally described as richly clothed, and carrying an axe; and the man before her had an axe resting between his legs, and wore a silk dress.

"She learned, or rather half-guessed, from their broken conversation, that the band, of which they were the leaders, awaited in the forest for the signal which was to recall them; that this signal was to be given by a hunting-horn, which she noticed in a corner of the apart-

ment; and that, upon their junction, the travellers were to be attacked. She saw, with joy, that the wine of the Marquis was gradually gaining the mastery over them; and, soon after, observing that they were buried in profound slumber, she quitted her cell, descended into the court, found out the door of the robbers' chamber, and opening it softly, made good her entry with admirable courage and presence of mind. She gained possession of the cloak, the hat, and the well known hatchet of the chief, and also of the hunting-horn, and carrying with her the lamp and her precious booty, contrived to effect her retreat into the court without accident. She now fastened the chamber of the bandits with the bolts which are often placed outside the doors of Mexican houses; then flung over her the cloak of the brigand, placed his hat upon her head, and resting the hatchet upon her left shoulder, took in her right hand the hunting-horn; and, thus equipped, she sallied from the court. The night was utterly dark. She reached the border of the pine-wood; and, drawing a few low tones from the hunting-horn, was immediately answered by a prolonged whistle. The moment was now come in which it was necessary for her to muster all her courage; for she saw a band of from ten to twelve men issuing from amongst the trees, and advancing in her direction. She retreated before them towards the house, contriving, with much address, to keep herself nearly hid within the shadow of the buildings, and letting herself be seen no more distinctly than was necessary to enable the robbers to follow her. When they were sufficiently near, she contrived to exhibit the glare of the axe which she carried, and enjoining silence with the motion of her hand, led the band into the court. In obedience to her sign, they entered silently into the large chamber adjoining the stable; and closing the door upon them, she drew the bolts so gently that the bandits could have no suspicion that they were imprisoned.

"Then, without a moment's delay, the intrepid Pepita ran to the apartment of her master, and related to him the whole of her proceedings. We will not attempt to paint the surprise of the Marquis. Guided by the counsel of Pepita, he awakened Don Cesar, who, mounted on one of the best mules, set off instantly for Acayete, to procure the assistance of a detachment of cavalry which was stationed in that village.

"During his absence, the Marquis and Pepita determined to watch their prisoners, and act as circumstances might require. They awakened the two domestics, and armed them.

"On returning to the apartment of Gomez, and listening at the door, they found that the two chiefs had awaked, and were endeavouring to escape from their confinement. The scene now became one of intense anxiety. Shortly, all in the inn were roused, and a confusion of voices arose on all hands. Gomez and his lieutenant uttered shouts of rage; and their appeals were answered by his companions, as they exerted themselves to break the doors of their prison. The Marquis, Pepita, and the servants shouted likewise, in every tone which they could assume, threatening with death the first who should offer himself to their aim, and affecting to present a force far beyond their actual number. But the door of the room which confined the troop was now beginning to tremble before their efforts. They had found some heavy logs of wood, which served as a kind of battering-rams; while others hacked at the door with their swords. Gomez and his companion were also very busy after their example; and exerted every means in their power to effect their deliverance. But we must leave the *posada* and its inhabitants for a moment, in this posture of affairs, to follow the track of Don Cesar.

"The among in the but little mule; unhapp of its kind of gent spur;—beast t brance stable. his pro sinister friends Dona I from the tremble to break Acayete were a is, one employ transpo to the a large himself officer, assistant drew h behind Don C towards wild ro not a l Gomez had hi been la "D reached had su prison hinges of those with the danger holes v the Ma lieutenant and th would posed a pisto court, gaud, incident It was struck, nor wa their e ever, t more was on and th to aban in the Pepita they c on the was no resourc fore D the so master "B Gomez desper posed without held, be em without own i to forc

"This young man, one of the most brilliant among the cavaliers of Mexico, although skilful in the management of a well-trained steed, was but little accustomed to the government of a mule; and the one on which he was now, unhappily, mounted, was the most obstinate of its kind. In vain did he apply the argument of gentle terms, and equally in vain that of the spur;—nothing could prevail upon the cursed beast to hasten its pace, or lose the remembrance of the friends it had left behind in the stable. He was in despair at the slowness of his progress, and overwhelmed with the most sinister presages. What would become of his friends—above all, of his betrothed, the pretty Dona Francisca—if the brigands should escape from their confinement before his return? He trembled for the consequences. The day began to break before he could gain the environs of Acayete; but what was his joy when his ears were assailed by the bells of a *conducta*,—that is, one of those numerous caravans of mules, employed for the service of government to transport gold and silver pieces from Mexico to the coast, and which are always escorted by a large troop of soldiers. Don Cesar presented himself immediately before the commanding officer, told his story in few words, and implored assistance. The officer, to whom he was known, drew his soldiers together, and leaving a few behind, for the safety of the caravan, mounted Don Cesar on a horse, and set off with him towards the hills with all the rapidity that the wild road would permit. Their expedition was not a little increased by the hope of capturing Gomez, on whose head a price was set, and who had hitherto baffled all the schemes which had been laid to surprise him.

"During this time, affairs at the *posada* had reached their most critical point. The robbers had succeeded in shattering the door of their prison so far that it was scarcely held by its hinges. Having ascertained the small number of those against whom they had to contend, and with the view of securing for themselves a less dangerous *sortie*, they had begun to fire through holes which they had made in the door, upon the Marquis and his servants. Gomez and his lieutenant had likewise taken the same course, and there was every prospect that the brigands would overcome all the obstacles which had opposed their liberation, when Pepita, armed with a pistol, and concealed behind a pillar in the court, took successful aim at the head of a brigand, which showed through the opening. This incident had the result of daunting the brigands. It was evident that one of their leaders was struck, and a deep silence succeeded his fall; nor was it till after a considerable interval that their exertions recommenced. Convinced, however, that they had no time to lose, they once more returned to their attack. The door was on the point of yielding to their blows, and the Marquis and his family had determined to abandon the place, and fly towards the road, in the hope of meeting the expected succour.—Pepita had discharged her last pistol,—when they caught the sound of the galloping of horses on the road from Acayete. Their deliverance was now sure. The noise of horses and arms resounded soon in front of the *posada*; and before Don Cesar had embraced his future family, the soldiers had made themselves unresisted masters of the band of robbers.

"But it remained to secure the persons of Gomez and his lieutenant. From the rash and desperate character of the man, it was not supposed that he would allow himself to be taken without resistance. A council was, therefore, held, to deliberate on the means which should be employed to get possession of his person, without risking lives of greater value than his own in the capture. It was proposed by some to force the door, and enter in a body; while

others desired, first, to try the effect of a parley. This latter advice was followed,—it being wished, above all things, to deliver him into the hands of the Mexican authorities;—but, upon drawing aside the outer bolts, it was found that the door was fastened within.

"Open the door to the Lieutenant of the Republic," cried the commanding officer.

"No answer.

"If you resist another moment, you are a dead man," said the Marquis.

"Still the same silence.

"By the Madonna of Guadalupe! by the Holy Virgin!" cried Don Cesar, impetuously, 'you shall receive no quarter, unless you at once come forth.'

"Not a sound was heard in reply.

"At this moment the discharge of a pistol resounded from the interior. It was followed by the faint cry of a woman, which seemed to issue from the apartments where the family of the Marquis had passed the night. All hastened, in an instant, in that direction; and in her closet they found the intrepid Pepita stretched upon the ground, and bathed in her own blood. But when they approached her, she had strength to point with her finger to the little window. The commanding officer raised his eyes, and perceived there Gomez and his lieutenant, the former armed with a sword, and the latter in the act of re-loading his pistol. In an instant he fired on the lieutenant, who fell; and regaining the corridor with his soldiers, the door of the chamber was at once forced. Gomez fought with savage desperation, but was, at length, secured.

"All eyes were now turned towards the intrepid Pepita; and they learned from herself the cause of the event which had so nearly proved fatal to her. She had, by showing herself at the little window, intended to convince the bandits that their retreat was on all sides cut off, and that all further resistance on their parts would be useless; when the enraged Gomez had immediately fired at her. Luckily her wound was slight, though it had bled profusely; nor was it long before she was able to resume her service near the person of her mistress.

"The journey of the Marquis to Saint-Jean-d'Ulloa, was postponed to a future time; and the family returned to Mexico. The reward offered for the capture of Gomez was unanimously adjudged to Pepita, who became the object of universal interest. Her intrepidity had so strongly excited the imagination of the young officer commanding the guard, that she became his bride before the close of the year; and the Marquis, considering her as the saviour of his family, secured to her a considerable pension during her life."

We trust the worthy people at the Minors will return us their best thanks for having thus gratuitously furnished them with so pretty and perfect a little melo-drame.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

LITERATURE, like the season, has undergone a slight change for the better; or rather, the booksellers have hurried out a few books to furnish amusement or instruction for the holidays: one swallow does not make a summer. A Life of Sir Joseph Banks is, we see, promised by Mr. Dawson Turner: the subject is not a good one. Sir Joseph was an amiable, not a great man;—indeed, we know of little that he did, save circumnavigate the globe, preside at the Royal Society, and keep an open house for people of merit or rank.

We are happy to announce that Mr. Otley has been appointed Keeper of the Prints in

the British Museum, vacant by the death of Mr. Smith. We know of no one better qualified for the office. The Memoir, left by the latter, as mentioned in our biographical notice of him, is, we hear, full of anecdotes of artists, and auctioneers, and literary men; the author was a mighty gossip, and had a graphic way of his own in relating a story, which none have surpassed: his inconsiderate and unjust 'Life of Nolckens' made him many enemies: he was very wrathful with those, and they were not few, who questioned the accuracy of his statements; and we have been told, that some of this bitterness has flowed into his posthumous work, which, in the spirit of the age, is called 'The Life and Times of Thomas Smith.'

We have given—we had nearly said thrown away—a couple of evenings on the Magazines. The newspapers overwhelm us with matter of a party or a political nature; if we seek refuge from "Tithe," and "Disturbance," and "Flogging," "The National Debt" and "Don Pedro," in the periodicals, we there find the same sort of sad entertainment. *Blackwood*, with the exception of a fine manly article on the Factory System, and one or two more regarding literature, has given his double number to the demon of politics; *Tait* has indulged us with sixteen articles, all of a party complexion; the *Metropolitan* has less of this public evil, but it is scarcely so pleasant as formerly; *Fraser* is less varied, and neither so learned nor lively as we have seen him. There are some good articles in the *Monthly Repository*, among others, a critique on 'Pauline,' a poem of no common merit. The papers of the *Monthly* are numerous and varied; so are those of the *New Monthly* and the *Dublin University Magazine*; while *Bull's Court Magazine* attracts us, not only by the beauty and usefulness of its embellishments, and the ability of its papers, both in prose and verse, but captivates us by the absence of politics; for the future, Mr. Bull, thy magazine shall be our magazine. We had almost forgotten to mention the *United Service Journal*; it contains letters by Lord Rodney and Sir Charles Douglas, on the memorable battle with De Grasse in the West Indies; and a valuable paper on the military establishments of Germany.

Some discussion has arisen in the House of Commons, on Sir John Soane's bill for establishing a public museum with his money. Cobbett sharply said, that he was bequeathing his fortune to the public, who cared little about museums, and allowing his second son with his children to starve. Mr. Hume defended the conduct of Sir John: he had provided for the children of his eldest son, and spent 20,000*l.* on his second son, and he thought he had done his duty. This, however, has been denied by the son, who states that all he has received from his father in twenty-two years, does not exceed 5,000*l.* Sir Robert Peel humanely proposed to leave the bill open, for the stern old architect to relent, respecting the money with which he desired to endow his museum. As the bill now stands, he may bequeath his pictures, and statues, and architectural books to the British Museum, and his fortune to his children or his grandchildren: and we sincerely hope that he will do so. We have a great respect for Sir John Soane; but, assuming it to be true that his son has forfeited all claim, so much the more friendless are his unoffend-

ing grandchildren, and therefore, so much the better right have they to hope for protection and kindness from all the world.

Mr. Melling, who is known to the public as a painter and a clever etcher, is, we understand, about to exhibit some specimens of his ability as a sculptor. Among the models will be, we are informed, a group from Shakespeare, of Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph and Miss Doll.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

March 28.—The Rev. James Cumming, M.A., Vice President, in the chair.—The Rev. William Ritchie's paper, entitled, 'Experimental Researches in Electro-Magnetism,' was resumed and concluded. A second paper was read, entitled 'Notice on the remains of the recent Volcano in the Mediterranean,' by John Davy, M.D., F.R.S.—The Society then adjourned over the Easter vacation, to meet again on the 18th of April next.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

March 29.—Mr. Faraday on Mr. Brunel's new mode of building bridges.—The advantages of the proposed plan are, to enable the engineer to dispense with the customary centering to the arch—to use bricks instead of stone—and leave the water-way without obstruction.

Mr. Brunel builds his arch out from the abutment, and makes the work, even while in progress, support its own weight—the masonry is linked together by pieces of iron or wood; and Parker's cement, which sets in a few hours, is used as mortar; indeed, on this quality of the cement depends the whole success of the work. An experimental structure has been erected near the Tunnel at Rotherhithe, and probably seen by many of our readers.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

March 27.—G. B. Greenough, Esq., President, in the chair.—Robert Williams, Jun. Esq., of Grosvenor Square, was elected a Fellow of this Society.

A paper 'On the Sedimentary Deposits which occupy the Western Parts of Shropshire and Herefordshire, and are prolonged from N.E. to S.W. through Radnor, Brecknock, and Caermarthen shires, with Descriptions of the accompanying Rocks of Intrusive or Igneous Characters,' by Roderick Impey Murchison, was commenced. This Memoir was illustrated by the sheets of the Ordnance Maps, coloured geologically, and a numerous suite of specimens.

Among the donations laid upon the table were a set of the Charts containing surveys, mostly executed in the Indian seas, by officers in the Company's Marine Service, presented by the Hon. the Court of Directors of the East India Company; and a set of Charts also belonging to the Indian seas, constructed by Capt. James Horsburgh, presented by Capt. James Horsburgh.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

April 2.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—After the election of two candidates, the Secretary read a paper by Mr. Don, Librarian to the Society, which described in detail various peculiarities in the mode of flowering in some species of plants hitherto considered as belonging to the genus *cinchona*; and also pointed out the relative value of others, and the comparative quantity of quinine each is found to afford.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

April 4.—N. A. Vigors, Esq., in the chair.—The minutes of the proceedings at the last

monthly meeting, after some discussion, were agreed to. Thirteen candidates were elected; the report stated the balance in hand at the end of March, after all payments, to be 220*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.*; the number of visitors to the gardens 6544, and the donations to the menagerie and museum numerous and valuable. The five new members of council recommended for election at the annual general meeting were, the Hon. E. Upton, Lieut.-Col. W. H. Sykes, Dr. R. E. Grant, Robert Gordon, Esq., and the Hon. Sir R. Ferguson. The new bye-law, authorizing the publication of Transactions, was balloted for and confirmed.

PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The anniversary general meeting of this Society was held on Thursday last, when the following gentlemen were elected as officers, and members of the council, for the ensuing year: President, John Elliotson, M.D., F.R.S.; Vice Presidents, H. Shuckburgh Roots, M.D., Stedman Whitwell Esq., Charles Wheatstone, Esq., Joseph Moore, M.D.; Treasurer, John B. Sedgwick, Esq.; Secretary, Tarver R. Fearnside, Esq.; Librarian, Henry B. Burlowe, Esq.; Curator, Henry P. L. Drew, Esq.; Members of the Council, David Pollock, Esq. F.R.S., Robert Maugham, Esq., H. B. Churchill, Esq., Joseph W. Crane, M.D., Edmund S. Symes, Esq., John J. Hawkins, Esq., Archibald Billing, M.D., John G. Graeff, Esq., William Hering, Esq., G. B. Townshend, Esq., Richard Halliwell, Esq., George Coode, Esq.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

March 5.—The President in the chair.—The conversation was renewed relating to Old London Bridge and the River Thames generally; and also on the subject of Locomotive Engines on Railways.

An extract was read of a letter from Mr. Carr, of Van Diemen's Land, relative to the growth of certain species of timber in that country.

A plan of a crane, capable of raising eight tons, with complete detail of its parts, in present use at the Broomielaw Harbour of Glasgow, was received from Mr. Charles Atherton of that place.

Mr. Bradshaw, of Manchester, presented a copy of his excellent Map of the Canals and Railways of Great Britain.

Mr. George Thornton, of Farnworth, Lancashire, was elected a corresponding member.

March 12.—The President in the chair.—The changes in the River Thames since the removal of Old London Bridge became again the subject of discussion, and led to some observations on the great importance of recorded systems of levels, and more particularly comparisons made between distant places. The connected series of levels taken by Captain Lloyd between Sheerness and London Bridge were objected to by a member, on account of their accuracy never having been proved by a repetition of the observations, and therefore not to be received as good authority. A strong instance in practice was produced, of the necessity for repeated levels being taken between distant points, in order to ensure minute accuracy.

The subject of 'Locomotive Engines on Railways' being introduced, a contradiction was given to a statement in a late publication† to the effect, "that locomotive engines were about to be abandoned on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and horse-power substituted in their place;" it was added, that the expense incurred by the Railway Company for locomotive power in the conveyance of one ton of merchandise from Manchester to Liverpool was only 1*s.* 2½*d.* for the whole distance of thirty miles, as stated in their last half-yearly Report; the

† Gordon on Elemental Locomotion.

entire outlay for one ton of goods, carried along the railway, appears by the same document to be 6*s.* 6½*d.*, which includes every item of expenditure.

An extract was read from Mr. Graham's 'Letter to the Carriers between Manchester and Liverpool,' stating that previous to the opening of the railway, the expense of one engine doing 936 trips yearly, or three trips a day, was calculated at 324*l.* 12*s.* 10*d.*, including the sum of 54*l.* laid aside each year for replacement of engines and interest on cash. From the Railway Reports the number of thirty-mile trips made in the last six months of 1831 was 5392; the expense of which (including merely the price of coke consumed, cost of repairs and engine men's wages, without any allowance for interest of capital, or replacement of machinery) was 12,203*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*, or a little above 2*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.* a trip; or the bare cost of an engine doing 936 trips was 2,117*l.* 14*s.*, instead of 270*l.* 12*s.* 10*d.*

In answer to this, it was said, that the speed calculated upon was only fifteen miles an hour, and the actual speed at present is nearly thirty miles per hour, which, in some measure, goes to reconcile the above difference; it was admitted, however, that the cost of engines and replacement of tubes had turned out more expensive than had been anticipated at the outset. The average distance for which one set of copper tubes will last, without being worn out, was stated at from eleven to twelve thousand miles, but some will go much farther than this, and others as much less.

The passage-boats on the Paisley and Monkland canals were again referred to, and the following particulars communicated of what has been done on the former during the years 1830-1-2:—

Year.	Number of Passengers.	Average Amount of Fare.	Gross Receipts.
1830	32,831	0 0 6	836 0 0
1831	79,455	0 0 6½	2,110 0 0
1832	148,516	0 0 6	3,822 14 10

These boats carry from 80 to 100 passengers each, and are tracked by two horses at the rate of eight and sometimes ten miles per hour.

Col. Frederic Page, of Speen, Newbury, Berks, was elected an honorary member. Mr. John Murray, of Sunderland, and Mr. John Blackwall, of Hungerford, Berks, Civil Engineers, were admitted to the class of corresponding members.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Royal Geographical Society Nine, P.M.
	Medico-Botanical Society Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Medico-Chirurgical Society Eight, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers Eight, P.M.
	Zoological Society Eight, P.M.
WED.	Society of Arts Eight, P.M.
FRI.	Astronomical Society Eight, P.M.
SAT.	Westminster Medical Society Eight, P.M.

Archæological Society, Rome.—At the meeting on the 28th February, Cardinal Bonalercic read a memoir on an ancient pantheistical hand, which has been discovered in the environs of Cagliari. Our countryman Mr. Richard Burgess was elected a corresponding member of the Society—a distinction conferred, it is understood, in acknowledgment of the merits of the 'Topography and Antiquities' of the Capital.

MISCELLANEA

Sicily.—[Extract from a private letter dated 23rd Feb. 1833.]—"It will grieve you to learn that our unfortunate island, hitherto oppressed by man alone, has been lately, and is still, subjected to the cruellest visitations of nature. It has been, for the last few months, exposed to a continued succession of heavy rains and dark mists. Its plains, covered with water, have remained unswampy; the trees which once decorated them, have been torn from the earth; and indeed,

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were we entirely dependent on grain on the produce of our *low grounds*, a severe famine would doubtless ensue. As it is, our unfortunate peasantry, having nothing to employ them in the country, and being without bread to eat, crowd our streets, and afflict our ears with piercing cries for food; others, ashamed to beg, come to dispose of the very garments which cover their nakedness: even our fishermen, unable to carry on their occupations in the turbid waters of the sea, which the winds have agitated and troubled, are compelled to solicit charity. Destitution and sickness united have carried off many of these unfortunates to their last asylum—the tomb. If you could see them collected around the doors of our hospitals, anxiously waiting to take the places of those who have been relieved by death,—if you could see the men who should protect them, the rich and mighty, deaf to the voice of humanity and immersed in their vain and vicious pleasures, allowing these unhappy beings to perish without administering to their wants,—your heart would sicken, and you would exclaim with me—How long shall injustice and oppression flourish on the earth?"

Monument to Canova.—[Extract from a letter dated Rome, March 8.]—"Last Monday week, Cardinal Galeffi visited the Capitol, for the purpose of inspecting the piece of sculpture erected to Canova's memory. The work was entrusted by the late pontiff, to Fabris, the sculptor, who has acquitted himself in a way highly creditable to his talents. On the pedestal of the memorial is sculpture in the act of embracing Painting and Architecture, and mourning with them over the loss of their favourite. At her feet reclines the genius of Harmony, contemplating her stringless lyre. Canova is represented sitting, reclining against a bust of Minerva, but as if on the point of rising from his seat, under the inspiration of some sudden conception, which he is desirous of perpetuating with his chisel."

Winckelmann.—A letter from Trieste mentions, that the 'Gabinetto di Minerva,' a literary and scientific society in that city, held an extraordinary meeting on the 1st March, when the members proceeded solemnly to inaugurate a monument, which has been raised to the memory of the celebrated antiquary, Winckelmann, in the vestibule of the Cathedral.—A new 'Museum of Inscriptions' was opened on the same day, with appropriate ceremonies.

University of Dublin, March 30.—The Provost and board of senior Fellows continue their efforts to increase the efficiency and utility of this institution. They have endowed an assistant lectureship in divinity, with a salary of 700*l.* per annum; and bestowed the new chair on Dr. James T. O'Brien, who has long enjoyed merited celebrity as a profound and eloquent divine. A professorship of Moral Philosophy, to which this lectureship will bear a close analogy, has long been wanting in the Dublin University, and no one could be found more competent to discharge its duties than Dr. O'Brien, whose recent lectures on "the Evidence of Miracles," recalled to his hearers the memory of Barrow and of Butler, of Taylor and of Stillingfleet.

Academy of Science, St. Petersburg.—During the year 1832, this institution published thirteen special works, exclusively of five others, which were privately printed by some of its members. Independently of originating the undertaking of a complete 'Russian Flora,' which the Academy has intrusted to the most eminent botanists in Russia, it has also instituted a scientific inquiry of considerable importance, namely, the ascertaining of the barometric heights on the shores of the Baltic, under the care of Messrs. Küpfner and Lentz.

Medical and Chirurgical Society.—The President of this Society, Dr. Elliotson, gave his first Conversazione for the season, on Tuesday evening last, which was numerously attended

by the leading members of the profession. On the tables were several new English and Foreign medical publications; amongst others, the splendid plates to Dr. Vimont's work on Human and Comparative Phenology. Some beautiful anatomical models in wax, from Mr. Schloss, were also much admired.

Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

—We mentioned some time since that a new work called *The Companion to the Newspapers* had been issued by the *Publisher of the Society*, which it was announced by advertisement might be had "wholesale of all agents for *The Penny Magazine*," and which *The Times* newspaper quoted from and described as "a new monthly publication, by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," and we requested our readers to remember these facts, presuming that the advertisements, coupled with the uncontradicted paragraph, left no doubt on the subject. This sort of plain dealing—this noting down in black and white—has, it appears, alarmed some interested parties, and an attempt has been made to withdraw public attention from the proceedings of the Society, by cavilling at the advertisements of the proprietors of the *Athenæum*. It will not do—the *Athenæum* is not supported by contributions from the public; it is private property; and the utmost pretension put forth by the proprietors, is only to so much integrity and self-postponement as is consistent with an honest consideration of self-interest; although we believe it will be pretty generally admitted that the proprietors have made as great sacrifices in upholding truth, and hazarded their capital as boldly, in a confident reliance on the ultimate success of truth and plain dealing, as any set of men that ever ventured to establish a periodical; we shall not, therefore, bandy words with the Society's Publisher, but confine ourselves to the one fact, that may be gleaned from his reply—namely, an acknowledgment that "the new monthly publication by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," which is to be had by all "Shopkeepers and Hawkers (!) wholesale of the agents of the Penny Magazine," is not the property of the Society, but of Mr. Charles Knight, their Publisher! Let the reader couple this fact with the extraordinary explanation about the accounts, some time since wrong from the Committee, and then draw his own conclusions as to the management of the Society.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of the Week.	Thermom.		Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
	W. & Mon.	Max. Min.	Noon.		
Th. 28	58	33	29.80	S.	Cloudy.
Fri. 29	57	34	29.75	S.E.	Cloudy.
Sat. 30	53	30	29.50	S.W.	Ditto.
Sun. 31	58	43	29.55	E.	Clear, A.M.
Mon. 1	62	43	29.55	E. to S.	Rain.
Tues. 2	59	45	29.50	S.W.	Cloudy.
Wed. 3	62	42	29.20	W.	Shrs. F.M.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulostratus, Cumulus, Cirrostratus.

Mean temperature of the week, 40°. Greatest variation, 30°.

Nights and mornings moist towards the end of the week.

Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.175°.

Day increased on Wednesday, 5h. 16 min.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

WOMAN, the Angel of Life, by Robert Montgomery. The Adventurer, or, London University Magazine, to be continued at intervals of two months.

[List of new books, not forwarded to us.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS

A. B. had better apply to the publisher. Thanks to W. D.—M. M.—V. S. We believe that G. J. De W. is misinformed. We have received more new works within the last few days than in many preceding weeks; and, fortunately, circumstances have enabled us to extend the space usually allotted to reviews—yet neither time nor space could be found for all, and we regret that Sir John Malcolm's 'India'—The Tyrol, by the Author of 'Spain in 1830'—The Puritan's Grave, and others, of which early copies have been received, are unavoidably deferred.

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